

The Return
of
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre

Screenplay by Kim Henkel

Revised May 11, 1992

FADE IN:

1. INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP: A bright red lipstick moves over full, sensual lips.

From elsewhere in the house comes the SOUND of a woman's voice. Although the words are muffled and unintelligible, a plaintive quality in the voice comes through.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK from the lips to reveal the face of seventeen year old JENNY. It's not the face the lips led us to expect.

Not that Jenny's unattractive--at least as far as WE can tell. It's that it's hard to know exactly what she does look like. She wears owlsh, thick-lensed glasses and her hair is done up elaborately in stiff, formal curls which make it look like a cheap wig. But more than the glasses and hair it's the way she carries herself--like she'd like to become invisible.

Again from elsewhere in the house, but nearer and louder than the woman's voice--WE HEAR a man's voice. There's a nasty edge to it.

JACK (U.S.)

Who asked you?

Jenny flinches, drops the tube of lipstick, wipes the lipstick from her mouth in disgust, stands.

CLOSE ON a formal gown. Jenny's feet enter the frame. She steps into the gown, pulls it up.

The gown is awful and unbecoming with a huge satin bow at the bosom and a profusion of taffeta at the waist and all down the skirt that makes her look thick-waisted and plump.

Jenny struggles with the zipper. It stops inches short of closing and Jenny can't budge it. She sighs in exasperation, calls out.

JENNY

Mother...?

There's no response and she opens her mouth to call out again when the door bangs open.

cont.

1. cont.

Jenny's stepfather, Jack, a flashily handsome man in his late thirties, enters. His face is flushed. It appears he's been drinking.

Jenny turns her back on him.

JENNY

Get out of my room.

Jack slouches against the doorjamb.

JACK

Hey--you think I'm bad, you don't know what bad is. I'm one of the good guys.

JENNY

Hah.

JACK

What are you afraid of? All I'm asking is for you to be nice to me--no big deal.

JENNY

Even if you weren't a slimeball, aren't you forgetting you're married to my mother?

JACK

Hey, shut your mouth. You don't talk to me like that.

(moving into the room)

If you won't tell, I won't.

Jenny backs away.

JENNY

Get out. I'll scream.

JACK

I think you want it. I think you're a damn little tease.

JENNY

Mother...!

Jack's on her in a flash. He pins her arms and clasps his hand over her mouth.

cont.

JACK

Who do you think she's going to believe? Huh? Come to think of it, either way you lose.

CUT TO: 2/8

(2/8)

2. INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jenny's mother, AMANDA. She's ten years her husbands senior and at war with middle age--hair, dress and make-up perfect to the point of fragility.

AMANDA

Jenny...?

She gets no answer, moves to the foot of the stairs and calls out again.

AMANDA

Jenny?

(2/8)

3. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JENNYS BEDROOM - SAME

Jenny slips out the bedroom, starts up the hallway. Jack follows her out, grabs her arm.

JACK

One word out of you and I divorce the bitch. If that's what you want, have at it. If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your God damn mouth shut.

CUT TO:

(2/8)

4. INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Amanda starts up the stairs.

JENNY (O.S.)

It's okay, mother. Never mind.

Amanda stops.

AMANDA

Are you sure?

Jenny appears at the head of the stairs.

2/8

cont.

JENNY

Yes.

Jack brushes past Jenny, starts down the stairs.

JACK

What do you want, a sworn affidavit?

AMANDA

(cowed)

No.... I just thought....

JACK

Don't think, okay? You're too stupid to think.

AMANDA

Jack....

The doorbell rings.

AMANDA

(brightening)

Oh, I bet it's Sean.

(She starts away, stops.)

Oh, I forgot some boy called you.... Angel, I think he said. It's not the one with the motorcycle, is it,? You didn't give him your number...?

JENNY

No, Mother.

AMANDA

(to Jack)

It seems like every place she goes, he turns up.

The doorbell chimes again.

AMANDA

(continuing)

I'm beginning to think he must follow her around.

JACK

Answer the God damn door.

An explosion of brilliant white light fills the screen--an electronic flash--followed by the distorted SOUND of a shutter opening and closing and WE...

CUT TO:

5. INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOME MINUTES LATER

Smiling fixedly for the camera, Jenny and SEAN in their prom finery pose before the fireplace.

Sean wears a black tuxedo. At seventeen he's slight and boyish looking--he could pass for fourteen.

Again the distorted sound of the shutter. A second electronic flash captures Sean pinning a red corsage to Jenny's dress.

Then again the WHIRR of the shutter and a third flash--a close-up of Jenny and Sean. Jenny's glasses reflect the flash. The pupils of Sean's eyes glow red.

(3/8)

6. EXT. HORIZON - SUNSET

The sun, huge and lurid, melts into the hills west of downtown Austin.

(1/8)

7. EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Traffic is heavy. The headlights of the onrushing vehicles seem on the verge of overrunning the CAMERA. At the last instant they veer past, missing the CAMERA by fractions of an inch. The ROAR of the engines is deafening and the earth seems to shudder at each passing.

(1/8)

8. EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

An old graveyard with large, crumbling tombstones, monuments and mausoleums. In the near background the lights of the high-rise buildings of downtown Austin loom above the graveyard.

(1/8)

9. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

From the gym come the muffled STRAINS of Bill Haley and the Comets, "Rock Around the Clock."

The parking lot is jammed with cars. A group of teen-age boys in tuxedos lounges against the hood of a car parked opposite the entrance to the gym.

A couple in prom dress enters the gym.

(2/8)

10. INT. GYMNASIUM FOYER - NIGHT

THE MUSIC is louder, but still muffled by the doors to the interior of the gym.

Glass cases on the walls display sports trophies, ribbons, team photographs, etc.

An attractive woman in her mid-fifties, MS. ABBOTT, sits behind a folding table, reading a book. On the table in front of her are a rubber stamp and an inkpad.

The interior doors open.

The MUSIC is suddenly deafening and we get a brief glimpse of the interior of the gym--teen-age couples dancing, colored lights swirling over the dancers, crepe paper streamers hanging from the rafters.

An attractive teenage girl, HEATHER, comes through the doors into the foyer.

HEATHER

Ms. Abbott, have you seen Barry?
Did he go outside?

Ms. Abbott blinks.

MS. ABBOTT

Barry...? Oh, Barry.

A thin, red-haired girl, SUE, enters the foyer.

MS. ABBOTT

(continuing)

Didn't you break up?

HEATHER

No.

MS. ABBOTT

Oh, well, never mind. I just
thought.... Forget it.

SUE

She's doing it again.

(aside to Heather)

She's such a bitch, I can't
believe it.

HEATHER

What?

Cont.

10. cont.

Jenny and Sean, push through the interior doors into the foyer.

SUE

Don't listen to her. Don't believe a word she says. All she wants is to start trouble.

Heather turns a dazzling smile on Sean.

HEATHER

Sean, hi. Have you seen Barry?

Jenny and Sean exchange a glance, then turn to Heather and shake their heads in unison.

2/3 (15/8)

II EXT. GYMNASIUM AND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The muffled SOUNDS of The Police, "I'll Be Watching You" come from the gym.

Jenny teeters on the steps, clearly unaccustomed to high heels. Sean takes her arm, steadies her, helps her down the steps.

One of the boys in the parking lot, a big guy, JOHN, nudges a couple of the others, CHRIS and CHARLES, directs their attention to Jenny and Sean.

JOHN

Ooooooh, don't they make a cute couple.

(moving to block Jenny and Sean's path)

Wait. Stop.

(pinching Sean's cheek)
Somebody get a camera.

Sean pulls back, slaps at John's hand.

SEAN

Quit it.

JOHN

Hey, did you see that? The little prick hit me.

He spins Sean around, pins his arms to his sides.

JENNY

Leave him alone, John.

5/8

cont.

11. cont.

CHRIS

It's Jenny! She's wearing a dress!

CHARLES

A dress! I didn't think she had one.

JENNY

Why should I. I can always borrow one of yours.

CHRIS

Doooooooooh....

JOHN

Wrong, wrong, wrong. It's not Jenny. It's Sean's babysitter.

SEAN

That's funny, John. Did you think it up all by yourself?

JOHN

Screw you.

Sean struggles to break free, but John is much bigger and stronger. He toys with Sean.

JENNY

Let him go, John.

JOHN

Make me.

Sean stomps on John's foot.

JOHN

Ow! God damn it.

(throwing Sean down on the pavement)

I ought to kick your butt, you little fart.

He aims a kick at Sean. Sean scoots backward on his hands.

JENNY

Help! Somebody help! John's beating up Sean.

JOHN

(turning on Jenny)

Shut up, you little bitch.

Cont.

11. cont.

Cowed, Jenny ducks her head and backs away.

JOHN
(continuing)

What are you going to do about
it?

A big black motorcycle rumbles into the shot, brakes in front of John. The rider, ANGEL, wears a scarred leather jacket and faded jeans. He's a teenage rebel in the James Dean tradition. He revs the engine.

Sean picks himself up off of the pavement, edges out to Jenny.

Angel cuts the ignition.

ANGEL
Is that your name, John?

JOHN
Who are you?

ANGEL
I think you owe Jenny an apology,
John.

JENNY
(to Angel)
Please.... I don't know your
name....

ANGEL
Yes, you do.

JENNY
Okay. Angel.
(taking Sean's arm)
Stop following me around. You're
scaring me.

SEAN
(aside to Jenny)
Is that him?

JOHN
(to Angel)
Yeah, buddy--whatever your name
is--you heard her. Stop
following her around.

Angel turns a look on John that stops him cold.

Cont.

11. cont.

JENNY
(to Sean)

Let's go.

(then, backing away from
Angel)

Please, don't follow us.

Angel ignores her, fires up the bike, swings it broadside to Jenny, pats the seat behind him, inviting Jenny to climb aboard.

JENNY
No! I can't...I don't know you.

Angel shrugs.

ANGEL
Whenever you're ready. I'll be
here.

The gym doors open and Heather exits, comes down the steps toward John and the others.

HEATHER
Have you seen Barry?

Angel revs his bike, wheels it around, races off.

5/8

(3 2/8)

12. EXT. BEHIND THE GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

BARRY, handsome, athletic build, and BRENDA, a buxom brunette, go at it hot and heavy.

Heather comes around the corner of the building, sees Barry and Brenda, screams, runs off.

Barry breaks off the kiss.

BARRY
Shit. Heather...! Shit.

He starts after her.

BRENDA
Don't worry about it, Barry.
She'll be back, if that's really
what you want.

(3/9)

13. EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Heather runs through the parking lot, wrenches open the door of a big grey Lincoln Towne Car, dives in behind the wheel. She digs under the seat, comes up with a set of keys, starts the car.

The Lincoln's tires spin, kicking up loose gravel, then gain traction and the car spurts away.

Barry runs up alongside the car, jerks the passenger door open.

Heather screams.

BARRY

Stop. Stop the car.

He jumps into the front seat. Heather slaps at him.

HEATHER

Get out. Get away from me.

Barry lunges across the seat, tries to turn the ignition off.

Heather floors the accelerator, wrenches the wheel. The car swerves wildly, throwing Barry against the passenger door.

BARRY

If you have a wreck, it's going to be my ass.

Heather lets off the accelerator briefly, straightens the car out, then jams the accelerator to the floor.

BARRY

Heather.... Shit. If anything happens to this car.... Please, please, please.

The car hits a speed bump, comes down hard, bottoms out. Barry winces.

BARRY

My father's going to kill me....

A bearded man in faded jeans and a soiled T-shirt, TIDDLE, starts across the parking lot exit, sees the car, stops, does a little jump step, clicks his heels together and executes a razor sharp salute as the car roars past.

cont.

13. cont.

The car screams out of the parking lot. The rear bumper scrapes the pavement, sending up a shower of sparks.

1/8

(1 1/8)

14. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The Lincoln races up a residential street.

(1/8)

15. INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

BARRY

Will you slow down, please? I don't know what you're mad about--I wasn't doing anything.

HEATHER

I saw you, Barry. You were kissing her.

BARRY

Once. I kissed her once. What's wrong with that? It's getting like I can't even talk to my friends. I can't believe how possessive you are.

HEATHER

Oh, right. I guess that's why you were feeling her up.

BARRY

I wonder why. What am I supposed to do--jerk off all my life? It's not my fault, if you're frigid.

HEATHER

I am not.

BARRY

Guys need sex, okay? It's bad for you to get all worked up and then not get it. You can get prostrate cancer.

Jenny pops up in the back seat.

JENNY

That's a lie.

Heather and Barry scream, turn to face the back seat. Sean pops up beside Jenny. Heather screams again, slams on the brakes. The brakes lock.

6/8

Cont.

15. cont.

Barry turns to look out the front windshield. The Lincoln slides through a stop sign, shudders to a stop.

1/3

(7/8)

16. EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

A car bears down on them from the side street.

(1/3)

17. INT. LINCOLN - SAME

Barry grips the dashboard.

BARRY

Heather!

Heather whips around, sees the oncoming car, screams, floors the accelerator.

(1/3)

18. EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

The oncoming car brakes, swings broadside in the intersection, skids toward the Lincoln, horn BLARING. The Lincoln spurts through the intersection, missing the oncoming car by a fraction of an inch.

(1/3)

19. INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Jenny leans over into the front seat.

JENNY

You can't get cancer from not having sex. That's ridiculous.

BARRY

Oh, right--you'd know. Never even had a date in your life, you're so ugly.

SEAN

She is not.

JENNY

(to Heather)

He's just trying to make you to think it's your fault.

BARRY

Hey, my father's a doctor, okay? I think he knows what he's talking about. So fuck you, Jenny.

(4/8)

20. EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Lincoln speeds up an entry ramp and out onto a freeway. whips across three lanes of traffic, swings in against the median.

(1/8)

21. INT. LINCOLN - SAME

HEATHER

It's true. It is my fault. I won't have sex with him.

JENNY

That doesn't make it your fault.

HEATHER

But what if he gets cancer and his hair falls out from all the drugs?

BARRY

Yeah, Jenny, so just shut up.

JENNY

It's a line to get you to have sex. Ask Sean.

SEAN

She's right.

BARRY

Psssst--never had a hard on in his life.

SEAN

(continuing to Heather)
I know all of his lines. He lived across the street from me 'till the eight grade.

BARRY

Shut up, Sean.

SEAN

We were even friends, before he got too cool.

BARRY

It's not my fault you turned out to be such a little nerd.

Cont.

7/8

21. cont.

SEAN

He used to come over to my house
and he'd be laughing about
getting girls to let him feel
them up.

BARRY

You're asking for it, little
shit.

SEAN

(continuing)

His big line was to tell them his
father was a doctor and they
could get breast cancer, if they
didn't get felt up enough.

Heather screams, slaps at Barry.

BARRY

Okay, okay, I lied. Big deal.
It's not my fault, if they're
stupid enough to believe it.

JENNY

Jesus, what a scuzbag. You
remind me of my stepfather.

BARRY

What's your problem, Jenny? Just
'cause you hate guys.

JENNY

He's just trying to change the
subject.

BARRY

What are you afraid of--that they
might try to fuck you?

JENNY

No.

BARRY

It's not like it's a big secret.

JENNY

What?

BARRY

Ask anybody. Never go to
parties, never go out except with
Sean. You think, if you're with

cont.

him, nobody will ask you out.
Everybody knows Sean's a little
pothead and all you are is
friends.

HEATHER

Wait, wait, wait. I just thought
of something. What if we got in
a wreck and crashed into the back
of a car? We could all die and
they could write a song about it.

Jenny and Sean look at one another.

2/8

(2 1/8)

22. EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A confusing array of warning signs, barricades, flashing
lights, signals the end of the freeway, detours then onto a
side road.

(1/8)

23. EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

The side road is under construction. On either side are
open ditches, mounds of dirt and gravel, idle road-building
equipment.

Suddenly the city recedes and they're in the countryside--no
street lights, few outlying buildings. It's very dark.

(1/8)

24. EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A slender crescent of a full moon appears above the
treetops.

(1/8)

25. INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

They drive for a time in silence, intent on the road. Then
the side road narrows and the surface becomes graveled.
Dense pines grow close to the road on either side.

SEAN

Where are we?

(to Heather.)

You know where we are?

Heather shrugs.

BARRY

Oh, great, we're lost.

3/8

cont.

25. cont.

JENNY

No, we're not. All we have to do is turn around and go back. Look for some place where we can turn around.

BARRY

Cool dress, Jenny.

(making a grab for the bow
at the bosom of Jenny's
dress)

What's this?

Jenny pulls away, wraps her arms tight around her breasts.

JENNY

Stop it.

BARRY

What's the matter--afraid
somebody would find out you have
tits? Girls have tits.

SEAN

Leave her alone, Barry.

A wet mist sifts out of the pines, cutting visibility to a hundred yards. Heather slows the car, turns on the wipers, peers through the windshield.

BARRY

There's no way to turn around.
Lots of times there's no way to
turn around.

Then, off to the right, lights flicker through the trees, then disappear.

HEATHER

What was that?

No one answers. A moment passes in tense silence. Then suddenly the lights appear again, fill the interior of the Lincoln with a burst of blinding light. Heather screams.

7/8

(1 2/3)

26. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

An ancient El Camino leaps the embankment, slams into the right front fender of the Lincoln, drives it across the road and into a shallow ditch. Both cars come to a grinding halt, headlights boring into the mist.

(1 1/4)

27. INT. LINCOLN - SAME

Jenny and Sean come up off the floorboard in the back seat. Barry climbs out from beneath the dashboard. Heather pushes herself away from the steering wheel. There's a gash across the bridge of her nose. Jenny and Sean exchange a frightened look.

Heather switches on the interior light, examines her nose.

(2/3)

28. EXT. WRECK SITE - NIGHT

Jenny, Sean and Barry pile out of the Lincoln, tentatively approach the El Camino.

Barry peers into the drivers side window of the El Camino.

From Barry's POV WE SEE...

...a skinny, tow-headed kid about nineteen, ERIC, behind the wheel. His head is thrown back against the headrest.

Jenny and Sean move in, peer into the El Camino.

SEAN

Is he dead?

JENNY

I don't know.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Oh, God. Oh, God, it's going to leave a scar!

The kid, Eric, twitches. His eyes flutter open. He looks up, sees Jenny, Sean and Barry, their faces pressed to the window. He sits bolt upright, kicks open the door, leaps out of the El Camino, draws himself up to his full height.

ERIC

I'm not hurt. I'm not hurt.

Then his eyes roll up white and he topples over backward in a dead faint.

SEAN

Shit!

He and Jenny exchange a frightened look. Heather comes up behind them.

cont.

6/8

28. cont.

HEATHER

Oh, my God. Oh, no. Did he die?
Is he dead?

Barry kneels beside Eric, checks his pulse, lifts his lids,
examines his eyes.

BARRY

He's just passed out.

JENNY

But he could be in shock. We
should try to get him to a
hospital or a doctor.

BARRY

Right. And keep him warm.

(to Jenny)

How'd you know that?

JENNY

(shrugs)

Think the car will start?

Sean takes off his jacket, spreads it over Eric.

4/8

(1 2/8)

29. INT. LINCOLN - SAME

Barry climbs in behind the wheel, turns the ignition. The
motor starts and he shifts into reverse, taps the
accelerator.

(1/8)

30. EXT. WRECK SITE - SAME

The Lincoln lurches backward, then comes to an abrupt halt.
Its rear tires spin, throw up gravel.

Barry cuts the ignition, kills the headlights.

HEATHER

Something bad's going to happen.
He's going to die, I know it.
What are we going to do?

(to Jenny)

Aren't you scared?

JENNY

Sure.

3/8

cont.

HEATHER

It's all my fault. If he dies,
I'll be a murderer.

Barry comes around to the front of the Lincoln, inspects the damage.

The two vehicles are hopelessly inmeshed.

BARRY

My father's going to kill me.

JENNY

It's not your fault.

She steps over Eric, climbs in behind the wheel of the El Camino.

BARRY

You don't know my father.

Jenny tries to start the El Camino, produces a grinding sound, tries again, gets a clicking noise, then nothing.

SEAN

His father's mean. I've seen
him—he slaps him around and
pulls his hair.

JENNY

(climbing out of the El
Camino)

We should go see if we can find a
house or something, some place
where we can call the police or
an ambulance.

SEAN

I'll go.

JENNY

I'll go with you.

HEATHER

I'm not staying here. What if he
dies?

JENNY

Then come with us.

HEATHER

But what if some wierdos come
along? They could kidnaps us and

cont.

30. cont.

kill us and nobody would ever know.

BARRY
I'll come with you.

HEATHER
Don't you come near me.

JENNY
This is stupid. I'm going.
(starting up the road)
Whoever wants to come, come. But
somebody has to stay.

HEATHER
(shaking her hands in
dismay)
I don't know what to do.

SEAN
(to Barry)
I'm going with Jenny, if you're
not.

HEATHER
Wait!
(to Barry)
Do you have a flashlight?

5/8

(2)

31. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - NIGHT

Jenny enters the darkness of the road beyond the headlights of the El Camino, stops, looks around apprehensively.

There's a rustling of pine needles, a creaking of boughs. Something scurries through the underbrush.

JENNY
Is somebody coming with me?

The beam of a flashlight knifes through the darkness. Heather and Barry walk up the road to Jenny and together they start off up the road. A few moments pass in silence, then:

HEATHER
Stop! Listen. I heard something.

JENNY
Stop it. You're scaring me.

3/8

cont.

HEATHER

I used to dream about the Boogie Man coming to get me and now it's coming true. This is just like in my dream.

JENNY

Heather, I mean it.

HEATHER

I'm sorry. We're all going to die, I know it. Some murderer-- like that guy in Chicago that killed all those people and kept their hearts in the refrigerator-- is going to kill us and they're going to show pictures of us naked with our hearts cut out on "A Current Affair."

A sudden gust of wind rustles the trees. There's the SOUND of something moving through the trees, something large and heavy. Heather cries out, grabs Barry's arm. Barry drops the flashlight. It hits the road, goes out. Jenny gasps.

BARRY

Great. Now we can't see jack.

He feels around in the dark for the flashlight, picks it up, rattles it. It blinks on, then off. He tries again. Nothing.

HEATHER

There's somebody out there. I can feel them looking at us.

BARRY

Bullshit.

He takes Heather's arm, urges her ahead. Heather takes a step, then plants her feet.

HEATHER

No. That's what they want--for us to go wandering around in the dark. We have to stay right here and build a fire.

JENNY

Heather, come on. We need to get a doctor....

cont.

31. cont.

Barry rattles the flashlight and it comes on, illuminating the road at Heather's feet. Almost beneath her feet is the carcass of an animal, mutilated beyond recognition by scavengers. Heather screams.

CUT TO:

1/8

(1 4/8)

32. EXT. SKY AND TREES - NIGHT

A full moon hovers at the tree-tops. Ragged, fast-moving clouds scud past the moon.

CUT TO:

(1 1/8)

33. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GRAVELED ROAD - LATER

The road climbs a slight rise. Jenny, carrying her heels, walks some yards ahead of Barry and Heather.

Heather limps along, still in her heels. The flashlight goes out again and Barry rattles it and it comes back on.

Jenny tops the rise. Immediately ahead is a crossroads with an ancient service station on the right and a small, brightly lit portable building on the left.

JENNY

Hey, there's someplace. Come on.
It looks like it's open.

(3 1/8)

34. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

A sign before the portable building reads: "Darla Slaughter Real Estate, lots, acreage," and beneath that: "licensed commodities broker." A big gold Cadillac Coup de Ville is parked out front.

The interior is brightly lit. Bay windows overlook an oyster shell parking lot. A woman works at a computer terminal.

Jenny stops at the edge of the parking lot and puts on her heels. Barry and Heather come up behind her.

HEATHER

We're saved. Thank God.
Somebody say a prayer.

3/8

Cont

34. cont.

BARRY

You might be, but my father's
still going to kill me.

Then all three clump up the steps past a brightly lit Coca-Cola vending machine.

1/8

(4/8)

35. INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Heather bursts through the door, looking wild-eyed.

HEATHER

Call the police. There's been a
terrible accident. A man's
dying.

The woman at the computer terminal, DARLA, a buxom blonde in her mid-thirties, well-groomed, dressed in a conservative grey business suit, pushes away from the terminal, wheels her chair around to a credenza, picks up a phone.

DARLA

Prom night?

HEATHER

(plopping down in a chair)
Somebody bring me a glass of
water--quick. I think I'm going
to pass out.

Barry rolls his eyes, plops down in a chair beside Heather, puts the flashlight down on a desk.

DARLA

(addressing Jenny)

Damn answering machines. Don't
worry. He'll pick up.

(then into the receiver)

Vilmer, God damn it, if you're
there, pick up the phone.

(turning to Jenny)

If I know him, he's off pulling
his pud.

She reaches up under her blouse and massages her breast.
Jenny looks away.

DARLA

Ah, they're as phony as three
dollar bills. Changed my life.

7/8

cont.

35 . cont.

You hear the one about why
blondes have long fingernails?

Jenny shakes her head.

DARLA

'Cause they only chew their nails
when they think.

(then into the receiver)

Vilmer, button it up, babe.

(then to Jenny, indicating
her breasts)

The minute I show up with these
every peanut farmer in the county
thinks he's God's gift to women.
What the hell, it makes life
interesting. I doubled my
commissions the first six months.

(then into the receiver)

Vilmer, some kids got in a wreck.
One of them's hurt.

(to Jenny)

Which way?

JENNY

(pointing)

Back that way.

DARLA

About how far?

JENNY

(shrugs)

A mile.

DARLA

(into the phone)

A mile back up 361 from me.

She hangs up the phone and turns to Jenny, et al.

DARLA

Y'all know why blondes stick
their heads out of car windows?

Heather kicks off her heels, wriggles her toes.

HEATHER

Huh, uh.

DARLA

To get a refill.

cont.

HEATHER

I don't get it.

DARLA

Airheads.

Heather bursts into belated laughter.

JENNY

(to Barry)

How are we going to get back?
Are you going to call your
father?

BARRY

If the wrecker can get the cars
apart, I think we can drive.

Jenny picks up the flashlight, rattles it. It comes on.

JENNY

Well, we should go back and wait
for them to come. And see if
Sean's okay.

A shotgun BLAST shatters a window, showers them with glass.
Jenny and Barry dive to the floor. Heather screams.

DARLA

Oh, don't worry about it. It's
just some farmer's wife.

(Calling out the window)

Like I'm interested.

(She bares her breasts to
the window)

See them and weep--bitch.

A shrill WHISTLE and a CAT CALL come from outside the
window. Then LAUGHTER.

Darla pulls her blouse down, turns to Jenny.

DARLA

Or high school kids. They're
always doing stuff to get me to
flash them.

(2 1/8)

7/8

36. EXT. CROSSROADS - SAME

Across the street a light is on beneath the port-a-cote of
the service station. A MAN appears at the door, peers out.

1/8

CONT.

36. cont.

A car full of teen-age boys runs the stop sign, roars through the crossroads, horn BLARING.

CUT TO:

1/8

(2/8)

37. EXT. WRECK SITE - NIGHT

Sean squats on his haunches beside Eric. Eric stirs, moans.

ERIC

It could be worse.

SEAN

What?

But Eric's still unconscious. The headlights of an approaching vehicle appear behind Sean. He turns to face the lights, moves out into the road, waves his arms.

A monstrous wrecker--the kind used to tow semis and heavy equipment--pulls up alongside the cars and stops. It towers over Sean. Static crackles over a C.B. radio.

SEAN

Is there an ambulance coming?

This guy's hurt.

The driver of the tow truck, VILMER, doesn't respond. The door creaks open and he climbs slowly down out of the cab.

SEAN

I think he's delirious.

Vilmer--he's the Hitchhiker from the original Chainsaw--wears a long, weathered yellow duster with the collar up. The bill of a baseball cap shadows his face. There seems to be something oddly wrong with one of his legs. He moves slowly and with a distinct, mechanical limp. Each step is accompanied by a low, ELECTRICAL WHINE.

Vilmer clumps over to Eric, kneels down beside him, puts his ear to his chest.

SEAN

Is he going to be okay?

VILMER

(ear still to Eric's chest)

Boy's dead.

7/8

cont.

37. cont.

SEAN

No, he isn't. He's just passed out.

Vilmer gives Sean a sharp look from beneath the bill of his cap.

VILMER

I said he's dead.

SEAN

But he was just talking--like talking in his sleep.

VILMER

We'll see about that.

Vilmer cradles Eric's head in his arms, grips Eric's lower jaw, gives a sharp, violent twist. Eric's neck snaps with a sickening CRACK. Vilmer looks up at Sean from beneath the bill of his cap.

VILMER

He's dead now.

Sean swallows hard, backs a step.

VILMER

It isn't going to do you any good to run off down the road, I'll tell you that right now.

SEAN

What are you going to do to me?

VILMER

I'm going to kill you. It's no biggie.

He gets to his feet, flips open his duster, pulls a straight razor out of his pocket.

VILMER

Of course, it's different for every individual.

Sean whirls, runs off down the road.

Vilmer hobbles over to the wrecker, climbs in behind the wheel. Again WE HEAR the strange ELECTRICAL WHINING.

The wrecker whips around 180 degrees and lurches off after Sean.

1

(17/4)

38. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

The headlights of the wrecker bear down on Sean.

Sean veers off the road, runs hard up against the dense pines.

The wrecker pull abreast of Sean, cruises alongside him, matching its speed to his.

Sean stops. He's breathing hard. The wrecker's brake lights wink on. It stops opposite Sean. For a long moment Sean and Vilmer look at one another across the space of ten yards. Neither moves.

Then slowly Seans begins to back toward the rear of the wrecker.

Vilmer snaps on a powerful spotlights, turns it on Sean.

Sean freezes, shields his eyes.

SEAN

Please, Mister.... I'm scared.

Vilmer lets out a derisive snort.

SEAN

Why are you doing this? What did I do wrong to you?

Vilmer doesn't answer.

SEAN

At least tell me if there's anything I can do to get you to let me go. At least give me a chance.

Vilmer doesn't respond. Suddenly Sean bolts, runs back down the road.

The wrecker's gears grind and then, churning up loose gravel, it lurches after Sean in reverse. It picks up speed, bears down on Sean, whipping wildly from side to side.

Sean zigs, then zags, trying to anticipate the wrecker's moves, trying to zig when the truck zags. But he's tiring fast--his breathing is ragged and his heart is pounding.

cont.

38. cont.

His zigging and zagging become hypnotic, mesmerizing, like some bizarre dance, slow and carefully choreographed. It doesn't even occur to him to duck into the trees.

The wrecker zooms in close and the dance takes on a air of resignation. Sean seems to move in slow motion.

And then, as if on cue, Sean and the wrecker turn sharply away from one another and then in the next instant turn and rush toward one another.

THUMP! Sean goes down without a sound. The wrecker's brake lights come on. And it's suddenly quiet. Only the idling of the wrecker's engine breaks the silence.

3/8

(1 3/8)

39. INT. WRECKER - SAME

Vilmer picks up a tape off the seat, shoves it into the cassette player, cranks up the volume.

The opening strains of the Guns and Roses' version of "To Live and Let Die" reverberates through the cab. Vilmer jams the wrecker into reverse, romps on the accelerator. The wrecker lurches backward--THUMP! The wrecker bucks as its rear wheels pass over Sean.

The lyrics to "To Live and Let Die" kick in.

Vilmer slams on the brakes, drops the wrecker into low gear, stomps on the accelerator. Again the THUMP and again the wrecker bucks as its wheels pass over Sean.

(2/8)

40. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD SAME

A LONG, WIDE SHOT of the wrecker. WE HEAR the GRINDING of it's gears. It's backup lights flare and then WE HEAR its engine STRAINING. It bucks and then again it's brake lights wink on.

The SOUND of "Live and Let Die" fills the air, raucous and screeching.

CUT TO:

(1/8)

41. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenny, shining the flashlight ahead of her, clumps down the steps and out into the parking lot. Heather, then Barry follow her out.

1/8

41. cont.

Darla stands at the door, looks after them.

DARLA

Sorry I can't offer you a ride.
That wrecker will be along before
you know it.

JENNY

Thanks anyway. And thanks for
calling for us.

DARLA

Watch out for the ol' boy that
drives the wrecker. He talks
tough, but you tell him how the
cows eat the cabbage and you
won't have any trouble.

BARRY

What about the service station--
think they might give us a ride?

ON THE SERVICE STATION. A Man--it's dark inside the service
station and he appears in silhouette--peers out the window.
moves from window to window, following their progress across
the parking lot.

Darla waves off the suggestion.

DARLA

That old man, he's liable to
shoot first and ask questions
later.

(then calling out to the
service station)

We see you, you old fart.

Then, as they leave the parking lot...

HEATHER

Why can't I just wait here and
you come pick me up? I think
there's someone following me.

BARRY

(moving up close behind
Heather)

Yeah, me.

Heather fends him off.

113

42. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

Jenny, Heather and Barry as they move out onto the graveled road.

HEATHER

I'm serious. It's like somebody's watching me. And then, when I turn around, there's nobody there.

JENNY

There really is this guy that follows me around. He's always trying to get me to go with him on his motorcycle.

HEATHER

Really? Who is he? What's his name?

JENNY

I don't know. He says his name is Angel, but I don't think that's really it. But you know what's really scary?

HEATHER

What? Oh, I bet he has a tattoo.

JENNY

Huh, uh. It's that I'm going to go sometime. I know I am--and he knows it too.

HEATHER

Oh, God--Jenny, don't. I just flashed on something--he's probably one of those guys that will never go to college or get a good job.

CUT TO:

(7/8)

43. EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The moon is big and full. It soars high above the tree-tops.

CUT TO:

(1/8)

44. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GRAVELED ROAD - LATER

Jenny leads the way with the flashlight. Heather and Barry follow. They walk for some moments in silence. It's quiet, almost eerily quiet. Heather's spooked. She clings to Barry's arm, whispers in his ear.

HEATHER

Barry, there's somebody out there. I really mean it this time. I'm not just making it up. Barry.... Barry, stop.

(she jerks Barry to a stop)

Listen.

BARRY

I don't hear anything.

HEATHER

Jenny, stop. My feet hurt. I have to stop. Jenny....

Jenny keeps walking. The headlights of a vehicle appear far back down the road behind them, move rapidly toward them.

BARRY

What am I supposed to do--carry you?

HEATHER

Well, if Jenny won't stop, you could carry me piggy-back. Just for a little while--'til my feet get rested up.

The headlights of the approaching vehicle pick up Barry and Heather. And now WE HEAR the HUM of its engine. Barry turns to face the oncoming vehicle.

BARRY

Alright!

He moves out into the road, tries to flag it down.

The vehicle, an old white pickup truck, swerves to the far side of the road, rattles past Barry. Then suddenly its brake lights come on and it begins to slow.

BARRY

Come on. Run.

He runs off after the pickup. Heather hobbles after him.

Cont.

44. cont.

HEATHER

Wait. Barry.... I can't keep
up.

ON JENNY. Fifty yards up the road she turns. finds the
pickup veering across the road toward her. She scrambles
out of its path.

But the pickup turn sharply, bounces down the embankment.
enters a narrow dirt road and disappears into the pines.

BARRY

Hey--stop! Wait!

(to Jenny as he charges up
the dirt road after the
pickup)

Come on. Maybe we can get him to
give us a ride.

(then calling after the
pickup)

We just want a ride. We'll pay
you!

HEATHER

Barry. stop. What if they don't
want you to follow them?

(to Jenny)

Jenny.

(then limping up the dirt
road after Barry)

We could get arrested for
trespassing.

She disappears into the pines.

Jenny stops on the roadside, listens to Heather and Barry
calling back and forth to one another. Quickly their voices
fade and then silence and suddenly it hits her--she's alone.
She glances around anxiously.

JENNY

Heather?

A faint echo of her voice comes back to her and nothing
more. A couple of seconds tick past in silence.

JENNY

Barry?

Again the only response she gets is the echo of her own
voice. She starts up the dirt road, stops at the pines.

cont.

44. cont.

JENNY
Heather--can you hear me?

Again no response.

1/8

(2 1/8)

45 EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

Jenny ventures into the pines...five. ten yards. Her pace slows...fifteen yards.

Suddenly the flashlight goes out. She cries out, rattles it. It blinks on, then off. She rattles it again. Nothing. She bangs it against the palm of her hand. Again nothing.

JENNY
Barry? Heather?

Still no answer and in a panic she rattles the flashlight frantically.

JENNY
Please, please, please, God.

Abruptly the light comes on. But its beam is weak, its light wan and yellow.

JENNY
Oh, thank you, Jesus. I promise
I'll never ask you for anything
ever again as long as I live.

She shines the light up the dirt road. The beam diffuses in the darkness. There's no sign of Barry or Heather. Jenny backs toward the graveled road.

JENNY
Heather--Barry, if you can hear
me, I'm going to go see if Sean's
okay. Okay?

Again silence. And then a SOUND, a low HUMMING. At first Jenny's not sure where it's coming from. Then quickly it's louder. And suddenly it hits her...it's an engine. a motorcycle engine!

(6/8)

46. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

A motorcycle flashes past. A split second later Jenny burst out of the pines.

1/8

cont.

46 cont.

JENNY

Wait!

But she's too late. The motorcycle's gone.

She races up the embankment to the graveled road. The motorcycle's tail lights grow small in the distance. Jenny's shoulders lump.

After a moment she gathers herself, starts down the graveled road. She goes ten feet, stops, turns the flashlight back to the dirt road.

JENNY

Barry?

Silence. She swings the beam around, plays it over the dark pines.

JENNY

Who's there? Is there somebody there?

Again silence. She backs a step, then turns to go when...

...a twisted, FORM, a form blacker than the night, whips through the darkness, wraps itself around Jenny's head. She screams, claws at it frantically, flings it away. It ripples across the road, lifts into the air, flattens itself against the pines--a large sheet of black plastic.

Jenny shudders, wraps her arms around herself.

5/3 (5/3)

47. EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Moonlight filters through the pines, dapples the dirt road with a silvery light.

Barry hurries up the road. Heather stumbles after him, clinging to his coattail.

BARRY

What do we look like, mass murderers? All we want is a ride.

HEATHER

You can shoot people and it's not against the law, if they're trespassing.

3/3

cont.

47. cont.

BARRY

If there's a wreck, there's a law you have to stop. That's what we should tell them--if they won't give us a ride, they'll have to pay a fine.

HEATHER

They'll just say they didn't see us.

BARRY

We've got witnesses. It's three against one. What happened to Jenny?

HEATHER

(shrugs)

What if they're murderers and they get people to follow them and then jump out from behind trees and stab them.

(digging her nails into

Barry's arm)

There could be people buried all around us and we'd never know.

(shuddering)

They could chain us up in a cellar and there could be rats and snakes and nobody would ever hear us.

BARRY

That's dumb. There aren't any cellars in houses around here.

HEATHER

Don't call me dumb, Barry. I may not be the smartest person in the world, but I'm not stupid. I act like it sometimes to get people to like me, but that's all.

BARRY

Yeah, right.

HEATHER

All that stuff about murderers and people following me. I know it's not true. But it's better than being bored. I'll tell you what's stupid--what you said

cont.

about making out with Brenda.
Even if I was stupid, I wouldn't
believe that.

BARRY

I don't believe it.

HEATHER

No, I'm not. I'm a bitch. I
like being popular and hanging
out with all the so-called cool
people--which you're considered
one of, as if you didn't know.

BARRY

What's wrong with that?

HEATHER

(shrugs)

I wish I was like Jenny.

BARRY

She's a dog.

HEATHER

Oh, huh. You just don't know.

BARRY

What?

HEATHER

Everybody thinks she's such a
chicken, right?

BARRY

Right.

HEATHER

Her mother's such a slut she gets
married every fifteen minutes and
her husbands are always hitting
on Jenny. That's why she's like
she is. But I've had P.E. with
her--she's got a body to die for.

BARRY

Really?

HEATHER

But about important things, she's
not afraid. I'd like to be like
that. I don't do anything, if
it's not cool.

1
cont.

47. cont.

BARRY

Like what?

HEATHER

Okay, I'll tell you something.
but you won't like it.

BARRY

What?

HEATHER

It's about sex....

BARRY

Tell me.

HEATHER

Okay.

(she takes a deep breath)
If I was really in love with you,
I'd have sex with you. And,
something else, there's somebody
I really do like and, if I wasn't
such a chicken, that's who I'd
have sex with.

BARRY

Who?

HEATHER

You'd just call him a nerd.

BARRY

Are you going to tell me his name
or not?

HEATHER

You'll laugh.

BARRY

No, I won't.

Heather hesitates a moment, then:

HEATHER

Sean.

BARRY

Sean!

(laughing)

He is a nerd.

cont.

47. cont.

HEATHER

I knew it--it's going to be all over school.

Barry thinks a minute, then:

BARRY

If you don't break up with me 'til after graduation, I won't tell.

HEATHER

Really?

(then wary)

Ever?

BARRY

Okay. But I get to say I broke up with you.

Heather shrugs.

BARRY

Think you might go out with Sean after we break up?

HEATHER

Knowing me, I doubt it. What about you--you think you'd ever ask Jenny out?

Barry thinks about it, then:

BARRY

If I could think of some place to take her where nobody I know would see me.

HEATHER

You know what would be perfect?

BARRY

What?

HEATHER

If we got married.

Barry shrugs. They walk for a time in silence. Then suddenly the pines give way and a strange clearing opens up before them.

1
(4 3/8)

48. EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

In the center of the clearing is a big, two story Victorian farmhouse. A battered white pickup is parked in the yard in front of the house. The clearing from the pines to the house is black, charred, every bit of vegetation burned to the ground.

The windows on the first story of the house are boarded up. Other than a lighted second story window, the house is dark.

BARRY

Looks like they had a fire.

Heather leads the way across the clearing.

HEATHER

Tell them we'll pay them fifty dollars, if they give us a ride.

BARRY

Fifty bucks!

HEATHER

Oh, you don't really give it to them. We tell them to send us a bill and, if they get mad, give them five bucks and tell them we'll send them the rest. Then you keep going back and forth 'til finally you give them ten bucks. It's just business. My father does it all the time.

5/8

49. EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Heather mounts the steps, crosses a wide front porch, punches the doorbell three or four times, then pounds on the doorjamb.

HEATHER

Hey! Is anybody home? Hello.

(to Barry)

Jesus, they must be deaf.

(then again calling out)

Hello. Is anybody in there?

BARRY

Maybe they're around in back and they can't hear us.

Heather throws up her hands.

3/8

cont.

BARRY

I'll go check.

He jogs down the steps, disappears around the side of the house.

In exasperation Heather kicks the door, stubs her toe.

HEATHER

Ow, damn it.

She hobbles over to a porch swing, sits down, nurses her toe.

CUT TO:

3/8

(5/8)

50. EXT. FARMHOUSE - SIDE - SAME

On the side of the house toward the rear there's a lighted window high up on the first floor.

Barry walks up the side of the house, stops beneath the window, backs away from the house and tries to get a look inside. The window's too high and all he sees is a patch of ceiling.

He walks up under the window. It's two feet above his head. He jumps up, grabs the sill. His feet CLUMP against the side of the house. He chins himself up, peers over the windowsill into the kitchen.

From Barry's POV WE SEE...

...the kitchen. It's large, old fashioned and unremarkable except for its extreme filth. The counters are littered with dirty dishes, remnants of food, junk--tools, hundreds of AA batteries, spools of duct tape, wire, a cardboard box piled high with remote control devices. The sink is full of dirty dishwater. A dozen large plastic garbage cans overflow with garbage. A couple of ladderback chairs stand against a wall. In the center of the room is a large butcher block table.

Barry drops to the ground, dusts himself off.

CUT TO:

cont.

(5/8)

51. EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Heather pulls the bodice of her dress out, lets the cool night air flow over her breasts.

There's a movement in the shadows behind her and suddenly WE REALIZE there's someone standing over her.

It's too dark to make out features, but whoever it is, is huge, seven feet tall with great, broad sloping shoulders.

The figure leans forward over Heather's head, examines her hair and it's only then that WE SEE that he's wearing some sort of mask, a thick, rubbery thing. It appears to be a face with coarse, brutish features and ragged cutouts for eyes and mouth--it's LEATHERFACE. He wears camouflage Army fatigues beneath a yellow rubber butcher's apron.

Tentatively, almost delicately, he lifts a strand of Heather's hair, examines it closely.

Heather feels something, smooths back her hair.

Leatherface snatches his hand away the instant before Heather's hand comes into contact with his.

Again he lifts a strand of her hair, toys with it.

HEATHER
(shuddering)

Bugs, ugh.

She smooths back her hair again, and again Leatherface avoids contact with her hand.

CUT TO:

(6/8)

52. EXT. FARMHOUSE - REAR - SAME

Barry ambles up a flagstone walk, approaches a screened-in porch.

Behind Barry a slender, wild-eyed man in his mid-sixties, W.E.--the Cook from the original Chainsaw--enters the frame, snugs the butt of an ancient double-barreled shotgun against his shoulder, draws a bead on Barry.

W.E.
That's far enough.

Barry stops in his tracks.

2/3

Cont.

BARRY

It's okay.

(turning to face W.E.)

We had a wreck and we need a
ride.

W.E. thumbs back one hammer.

BARRY

You better not shoot me, Mister.
There was a man that shot a kid
that was wrapping his house and
they got him for murder.W.E. draws himself up to his full height, thumbs back the
second hammer.

W.E.

"I have not yet begun to fight."
John Paul Jones.

BARRY

Huh?

CUT TO:

4/8

(6/8)

53. EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAMEAgain, deliberately, delicately, Leatherface lifts a strand
of Heather's hair.

HEATHER

Okay, okay. Enough is enough.

She brushes back her hair, gets to her feet, turns, finds
herself face to face with Leatherface. She screams, backs
away. Leatherface screams in chorus with her.

CUT TO:

(2/8)

54. EXT. FARMHOUSE - REAR - SAME

Barry flinches at the SOUND of Heather's screams.

BARRY

It's Heather. I better go see if
she's okay.

A tick develops beneath W.E.'s eye.

2/8

cont.

BARRY
It's okay. She's my girlfriend.

CUT TO:

1/8 (3/8)

55. EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Heather tries to run, but fear paralyzes her legs. In a flash Leatherface is on her. He wraps his arms around her, lifts her off her feet and carries her into the house.

(1/8)

56. INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Heather wriggles out of Leatherface's grasp, dives through a door, slams it behind her.

(1/8)

57. INT. STOREROOM - SAME

The room is dark. Heather bolts the door, then feels around for a light switch.

HEATHER
Oh, God. Oh, no.

A light comes on--a single wan, yellow bulb dangling from a frayed cord.

The room is crammed floor to ceiling with the accumulated junk of a hundred years.

Heather brushes aside a curtain of cobwebs and moves into the room, sidling past a table piled high with old radios, televisions, household appliances. Dust rises in thick clouds. She gags, covers her mouth and nose with her hand.

The door SPLINTERS, bursts open behind her. Leatherface fills the doorway, lets out a terrible roar.

Heather screams, backs against an antique table.

HEATHER
Help. Somebody, please help.

Her hand closes on a preserves jar. The table overflows with glass jars.

Leatherface lunges for Heather.

cont.

5/8

57. cont.

Heather throws the jar. It catches Leatherface full in the face. He stops dead in his tracks, blinks, licks preserves off his lips.

Heather picks up a second jar.

Leatherface starts for her. She throws the jar. Leatherface watches it, seeming fascinated by its flight. At the last second he gives a slight movement of his head and it whizzes past his ear, shatters against the wall.

Heather scoots around the far side of the table, sweeping jars off the table behind her.

Leatherface bulls ahead, heedless of the broken glass.

Heather scrambles up a mound of boxes, crates, odds and ends of children's toys. She steps on the wheel of a bicycle. Her foot plunges through the spokes. She tumbles head over heels down the slope of the mound to the floor, taking the bicycle with her.

Leatherface plows after Heather, flinging heavy boxes, large crates aside with ease.

Heather struggles to free herself of the bicycle.

Leatherface lunges for the bicycle, grabs its handlebars and hand over hand drags the bicycle and Heather to him.

Heather screams, kicks at the wheel with her free foot.

Leatherface reaches for Heather. His outstretched fingers hover over her ankle.

Heather screams. And then, miraculously, her foot pops free. She wriggles away and burrows deep into a wall of a cardboard boxes.

For a long, tense moment there's silence. Deep within the wall of boxes, Heather holds her breath, tries to still the pounding of her heart.

Then a huge hand explodes through a cardboard box, closes on Heather's ankle.

Heather screams, kicks at Leatherface's hand.

Leatherface drags her kicking and clawing into the open.

Heather kicks Leatherface full in the face.

cont.

57. cont.

Leatherface howls, releases Heather, lurches to his feet.

Heather scrambles to her feet, ducks past Leatherface and makes a break for the door.

Leatherface attacks a six foot tall metal shelf, topples it.

The shelf crashes to the floor at Heathers feet. It blocks the door. Heather climbs over the shelf, tries to open the door. It opens a crack--no more than an inch--stoops. She works her fingers into the crack, manages to open a space of four inches, wedges herself into the opening.

Leatherface wades through the rubble toward Heather.

Heather claws at the door.

HEATHER

Please, please. Oh, please, God.

But it's no use. The opening is too small.

Leatherface launches himself at the door. Heather screams. Leatherface grabs the doorknob, tears the door off its hinges, flings it aside, sweeps Heather into his arms.

5/9

(229)

58. INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Heather opens her mouth to scream. Leatherface pins Heather's arms to her sides with one massive arm, and with the other clamps a hand over her mouth.

(1/8)

59. INT. VESTIBULE - SAME

Doors open off all sides of the vestibule. to the right is the door to an enclosed porch, to the left the kitchen door, and--opposite the hallway door--the door to a bathroom.

Leatherface ducks under the doorjamb into the vestibule. kicks open the door to the enclosed porch.

(1/8)

60. INT. ENCLOSED PORCH - NIGHT

What must once have been a service porch, now enclosed--it's cluttered with ancient washing machines, dryers, refrigerators, garden tools. A huge top loading freezer, filthy and pitted with rust, sits against one wall. Two rusty meathooks hang from a ceiling joist.

1/8

cont.

60 cont.

Leatherface enters, flips up the freezer lid, stuffs Heather inside, slams the lid down.

Heather kicks the lid open, starts out of the freezer. Leatherface forces her back down. Heather claws at him.

HEATHER

No. No.

Leatherface shoves her deep into the freezer, slams the lid. Again Heather kicks it open. Leatherface slams it down, hefts a washing machine, slams it down on top of the freezer.

CUT TO: 3/8

(4/8)

61. EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

W.E., holding Barry at gunpoint, pushes open the front door, motions Barry inside. Barry balks.

BARRY

If I go in the house, it's kidnapping. My father's a lawyer, okay? I know what I'm talking about.

The W.E. jams the muzzle of the shotgun into Barry's back, prods his through the door.

BARRY

Okay, okay. Anyway I need to use your bathroom.

(3/8)

62. INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Barry enters the house, whirls, slams the door in the W.E.'s face, bolts the door.

BARRY

Dumbass!

(1/8)

63. EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SAME

The W.E. bristles, thrusts out his belly in a show of belligerence, levels the shotgun on the door. Then his face falls and he slowly lowers the gun.

(1/8)

64. INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Barry notes the missing storeroom door, puts his head inside.

BARRY

Heather?

Then, getting no answer, he withdraws, returns to the front door, calls out to W.E.

BARRY

Where's your phone? I'm calling the cops.

W.E. (O.S.)

Ain't got no phone.

BARRY

Yeah. Sure.

(turning away from the door)

Where's the bathroom?

Not waiting for an answer, he strolls up hallway to the vestibule, peers inside.

BARRY

Heather?

No answer.

5/8

65. INT. VESTIBULE - SAME

Barry grimaces, crosses the vestibule to the bathroom door. opens it, feels around for a light switch, flicks it on.

1/8

66. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The commode is to the left of the door against the wall. Barry enters the bathroom, unzips and urinates. The wall behind the commode and the commode are filthy.

BARRY

(calling out)

Heather--there's some old fart out there with a shotgun--I locked him out. You should have seen me. Heather...?

He zips up, turns around and for the first time sees...

Cont.

2/8

66. cont.

...a huge, clawfoot bathtub and half-submerged in a pool of congealed blood and viscera...A PARTIALLY MUMMIFIED CADAVER.

Barry gags, turns to the door...

...nailed to the door is the skin of a middle-aged woman.
Barry screams.

2/8

4/8

67. INT. VESTIBULE - SAME

Barry backs out of the bathroom.

BARRY

Heather...?

Suddenly Leatherface appears, a twelve-pound sledgehammer poised to strike.

Barry stops dead in his tracks. The head of the huge, long-handled sledge connects flush to the center of his forehead. He's dead before he hits the floor. For a moment it's utterly quiet and then there's a POUNDING on the front door.

W.E. (O.S.)

What are you doing in there?
Open this door.

Leatherface whimpers, grabs Barry's legs, drags him through the vestibule.

4/8

68. INT. ENCLOSED PORCH - SAME

A muffled POUNDING comes from the freezer. The washing machine teeters on the edge of the freezer.

Leatherface enters. The washing machine topples over the edge of the freezer. Leatherface flings Barry aside, rushes to catch the washing machine, reels backward across the room, slams into a wall.

The freezer pops open and Heather vaults out, makes a break for the door.

2/8

cont.

68 cont.

Leatherface drops the washing machine, grabs Heather. Heather screams, claws at Leatherface. Leatherface clamps a hand over her mouth. Heather bites his hand. Leatherface howls, whirls around and around in a panic, then lifts Heather high into the air, slams her down onto one of the rusty meathooks. Heather opens her mouth to scream...no sound comes out. She grabs the meathook, struggles to pull herself up.

And then WE HEAR W.E. calling through the front door.

W.E. (O.S.)

I'm fixing to cut me a switch.

Leatherface whimpers, shakes his hands in a dither.

CUT TO:

3/4

5/8

69. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - NIGHT

Jenny limps along the road. She's worn through the soles of her stockings and they ride up over her ankles. She stops, wriggles out of them, tosses them into the ditch.

The moon's up high. The sky is clear and cloudless.

CUT TO:

7/8

70. EXT. WRECK SITE - LATER

The beam of Jenny's flashlight picks up a wheelcover--the wheelcover of a Lincoln Towne Car.

Jenny stops, plays the light over the area.

It's littered with broken glass. And off the shoulder of the road in the soft ground are deep ruts where the cars went off the road. But there's no sign of the cars, no sign of Sean or Eric.

Puzzled Jenny shines the light into the trees.

JENNY

Sean?

Silence. She turns the light all around, looking for any sign, any clue as to what might have happened. But there's nothing. She stands still for a long moment, not knowing what to think, what to do--then:

2/8

cont.

70 cont.

JENNY
(calling out)

Sean?

Again silence. Tears start into her eyes. Quickly she brushes them away, takes a deep breath.

Suddenly the flashlight dims. It's too weak even to project a beam. Jenny rattles it. It goes completely out. She rattles it again. Nothing, not even a flicker. She pounds it against the road. Still nothing. She stops. It's useless and she knows it.

Seconds tick past in silence, in darkness. In the silver light of the moon the whiteness of her gown seems to glow.

One moment Jenny seems resolved to make a move and the next her resolution dissolves. More seconds tick past.

Then, far up the road, the headlights of an automobile appear.

Still Jenny doesn't move. The headlights draw nearer. After some moments Jenny shakes off her inertia and moves out into the road.

And now WE HEAR the SOUND of the vehicle's engine. It's headlights sweep over Jenny. She waves her arms. The vehicle pulls abreast of her and stops. It's the wrecker.

Vilmer kicks open the passenger door, leans across the seat, calls to Jenny.

VILMER
I hauled those cars off. Get in.
I'll give you a ride.

JENNY
Where's Sean?

VILMER
Either you want a ride or you
don't. It's up to you.

He revs the engine, drops the wrecker into gear.

JENNY
Wait. Where are you taking me?

VILMER
Where you want to go?

cont.

JENNY
Where's Sean?

VILMER
Is that your boyfriend?

JENNY
Yes. The one that wasn't hurt.
Do you know where he is?

VILMER
Get in.

JENNY
But where's Sean?

VILMER
God damn it, I said get in.

Jenny backs away from the wrecker. Vilmer lets out the clutch, slowly eases the wrecker forward. Jenny hesitates a moment, then:

JENNY
Wait.

She climbs into the cab.

4/8

(7/8)

71. INT. WRECKER - NIGHT

For a time they ride in silence. Jenny clutches the flashlight, ready to strike at the least provocation. But as the seconds tick past and nothing happens she begins to relax. Then...

VILMER
You ought not to be getting in
cars with strangers.

Jenny tenses, tightens her grip on the flashlight.

VILMER
There was a man picked up a girl,
chopped off both her arms and
stuffed her in a culvert. Left
her for dead.

JENNY
Stop it.

4/8

cont.

VILMER

The trouble with him was he didn't have no kind of imagination.

JENNY

You're scaring me.

VILMER

You're not scared. You're just talking scared. Hell, you don't know nothing about scared, not just yet. If you want to know about scared, look behind you.

Jenny cries out, whirls, sees nothing but her reflection in the rear windshield. Vilmer laughs, snatches her glasses off her nose, tosses them out the window.

VILMER

Look again.

Jenny cries out, backs against the door.

JENNY

I think I want you to stop and let me out.

VILMER

You think?

(speeding up)

Or you know?

(slowing down)

Look again.

(speeding up a again)

Go on.

A half a mile ahead of them a vehicle tears out onto the graveled road from a side road, speeds away.

JENNY

If I look, will you stop?

Vilmer hits the brakes...hard. The wrecker slides to a stop, throwing Jenny against the dashboard. She puts out her hands to brace herself. The flashlight rolls onto the floorboard.

Vilmer lunges across the seat, grabs Jenny. Jenny screams.

cont.

VILMER
(turning her to face the
rear windshield)
You wanted to stop.

Then, forcing her against the rear windshield...

...from Jenny's POV WE SEE the rear of the wrecker. Gravel dust billows over the cab, obscuring her view. Then, as it begins to clear, WE MAKE OUT the blurred form of the wench. Something's hanging from it, twisting and turning in the air.

And then the gravel dust clears the cab and WE SEE...

...chained together at the ankles, Sean and Eric dangle head down from the wench arm.

JENNY
Oh, God. Oh, God.

She bows her head and sobs.

VILMER
Of course, you got to throw in a
little something to let them know
it isn't Saturday morning
cartoons.

JENNY
What's going to happen to me?

Vilmer throws Jenny against the dashboard, wipes his hands on his shirt-front.

VILMER
You think I give a damn what
happens to you?

He drops the wrecker into low gear, romps on the accelerator. Jenny hugs the door, furtively pushes the handle down, eases the door open a crack.

JENNY
Are you letting me go?

The wrecker picks up speed--twenty, thirty miles per hour.

VILMER
You figure it out.

cont.

(shifting into second
gear)
It's your God damn life.

JENNY
I don't understand.

VILMER
Welcome to the real world.

Jenny looks down at the road flashing past beneath her,
gathers herself to jump.

In a flash Vilmer slams on the brakes, lunges for Jenny.
Jenny screams, throws herself out of the wrecker.

3/8

(2 2/3)

72. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

Jenny hits the road, curls into a ball, tumbles into the
ditch.

Twenty-five yards beyond her the wrecker slides to a stop.

Jenny reels across the road and plunges into the woods.

(1/8)

73. EXT. WOODS - SAME

The pines here are big and widespread, towering thirty and
forty feet into the air.

Jenny runs twenty yards into the woods, trips over the
exposed roots of a huge pine, goes down. She gets to her
hands and knees, crawls behind the trunk of the tree, peers
out at the road.

From Jenny's POV WE SEE the wrecker backing down the road,
then sliding to a stop opposite her.

Jenny gets to her feet, cautiously backs deeper into the
woods.

The beam of a powerful spotlight punctures the darkness,
probes the woods.

Jenny ducks behind a tree.

Then WE HEAR the wrecker's gears GRINDING. It backs around,
its headlights sweeping past Jenny, then stops.

Vilmer shoves a cassette into the tape player.

4/8

cont.

73. cont.

The spotlight searches the woods. Then again the GRINDING of gears. And then, engine racing, the wrecker shoots across the road, leaps the ditch and plunges into the woods. It's heading straight for Jenny.

Jenny breaks from the cover of the tree, veers sharply away from the wrecker.

The spotlight picks her up and the wrecker veers to follow her, horn BLARING.

Jenny cuts back in the opposite direction. The spotlight stays on her and the wrecker veers again, races through the trees after her. It's gaining on her. Twenty yards separate them, then ten.

"I'll Be Watching You," by The Police comes up over the SOUND of the wreckers engine.

Jenny zigs and zags through the trees. The spotlight and the wrecker track her, match every move she makes. Five yards.

Vilmer guns the wrecker's engine, runs the wrecker's front bumper up on Jenny's heels.

At the same moment Jenny runs into a wall of trees--a dense stand of pine saplings not more than six and eight inches apart.

5/8

(1 1/8)

74. EXT. STAND OF TREES - SAME

Jenny enters the stand of trees, squeezes between two saplings, then quickly melts deeper into the stand of trees.

(1/8)

75. EXT. WRECKER - SAME

The wrecker slams into the wall of saplings, comes to an abrupt halt. Vilmer leaps out of the cab, trains the spotlight on Jenny.

VILMER

You don't know what the hell
you're doing.

(1/8)

76. EXT. STAND OF TREES - SAME

Jenny squeezes deeper and deeper into the stand of trees.

cont

1/8

76. Cont.

VILMER (U.S.)

Where do you think you're going?

Jenny pushes deeper into the trees. The deeper she goes the denser the trees. They become almost impenetrable, blotting out the spotlight. Jenny stops, tries to catch her breath.

1/8 (2/8)

77. EXT. WRECKER - SAME

Vilmer switches off the spotlight, then the headlights. The music, "I'll Be Watching You," fades.

VILMER

If that's what you want, it's up to you.

1/8

78. EXT. STAND OF TREES - SAME

For a moment the blackness is total. Slowly Jenny's eyes adjust. She begins to see shapes--the trunks of trees, etc. Then a SOUND sends a chill up her spine--the SOUND of something moving through the trees, something BIG. She holds her breath, listens intently. The SOUND stops. Two, three, then ten seconds tick past and nothing, no sound. Jenny exhales.

From somewhere far away the sound of music comes to her on the wind. The tune seems familiar. But it's too far away and the notes too broken up to be identified.

Then there's a faint rustling in the trees off to Jenny's left. She gasps, turns to the sound.

And then a deafening ROAR shatters the quiet--the ROAR of a chainsaw. Leatherface rears up behind Jenny, the huge blade of his chainsaw ripping through the pine saplings.

Jenny screams, runs for her life. Branches, rough bark snag her hair, her gown, tear at her flesh.

5/8

79. EXT. WRECKER - SAME

Vilmer climbs into the wrecker, shoves it into reverse, floors the accelerator.

VILMER

Live and learn.

1/8

80. EXT. STAND OF TREES - SAME

Jenny tries to squeeze between two stout saplings. becomes stuck. She tries to back out, but it's no good. She's caught.

A cloud of blue smoke swirling around him, Leatherface cuts a great swath through the trees. He's on top of Jenny. Another swipe of the huge chainsaw and it will be over.

Jenny goes wild, screaming and clawing at the trees. And suddenly, miraculously, she pops free, runs on.

(2/8)

81. EXT. OPEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny stumbles out of the woods into a open field. trips. goes down face first, gets to her hands and knees.

Leatherface charges out of the woods. the CHAINSAW ROARING. descends upon her.

Jenny gets to her feet, tears out across the field.

(2/8)

82. EXT. STOCK TANK - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny labors up the earthen bank of a stock tank, tumbles down the slope into the tank.

A scum of green water covers the bottom of the tank. Jenny picks herself up, slogs into the tank. At every step she sinks to her knees in a deep, soft mud. It sucks at her legs. Her feet come out with a wet, PUPPING SOUND. Mud clings to her dress, bogs her down.

Leatherface appears at the crest of the bank, throws back his head and howls. Jenny screams.

Leatherface rumbles down the bank, wades into the tank. descends upon Jenny with electrifying speed.

Jenny tears the mud caked tatieta off her gown, dives to her belly and slithers across the surface of the tank.

Leatherface rears over her, raises the chainsaw high over his head.

Suddenly Jenny finds solid footing, squirts away, scrambles to her feet, clambers up the far bank of the stock tank.

(4/8)

83. EXT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The farmhouse. A beat-up Volvo station wagon is parked out front.

Jenny races across the charred clearing. Leatherface enters the clearing behind her, charges after her.

Jenny runs up the steps and across the wide front porch of the farmhouse, throws open the screen and POUNDS on the front door.

JENNY

Help! Help! Open the door!

Then, glancing over her shoulder, she see Leatherface mount the steps behind her.

She screams, fumbles at the doorknob--THE DOOR OPENS!

Leatherface charges across the porch.

(4/8)

84. INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jenny tumbles into the farmhouse, slams the door in Leatherface's face, turns the dead bolt.

For a moment the ROAR of the chainsaw is muffled and WE HEAR music, hard-driving, head-banging rock 'n roll, coming from upstairs.

The huge carbide tipped blade of the chainsaw rips through the door in Jenny face.

She screams, backs away, swings around the newel post and races up the stairs.

(2/8)

85. INT. LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny sprints across the landing, dives through a half-open door into a room.

(1/8)

86. INT. MUSIC ROOM - SAME

Three teenagers, the LEAD GUITARIST, the BASS GUITARIST, and a DRUMMER play their electrified instruments at a deafening level. Their music is raucous, discordant and they're totally into it, oblivious of Jenny's entrance.

1/8

cont.

86. cont.

A fourth young man, the HANGER-ON, sits on dilapidated sofa, his head jerking violently in rhythm with the music.

Jenny appeals to the Bass Player. The sound of the music drowns her words. The Bass Player pays no attention to her. She grabs her arm and appeals to him again. He shrugs her off. She falls to her knees, tries to tear the guitar out of his hands. He wrestles the instrument free and continues playing.

The Hanger-On comes up behind Jenny, helps her to her feet, leads her out the door. She tries to tell him something, but he indicates he can't hear her.

2/8

(3/8)

87. INT. LANDING - SAME

The moment Jenny hits the threshold the Hanger-On gives her a shove, then slams and bolts the door behind her.

Jenny sprawls across the landing. From Jenny's POV WE SEE the front door. Leatherface reaches through a hole he's gouged in the door and fumbles with the deadbolt.

Jenny scrambles to her feet, enters a lighted room opposite the music room.

(2/8)

88. INT. TAXIDERMIST ROOM - SAME

A florescent work light spills a pool of hard, bright light across a workbench. The rest of the room is in shadows. A stuffed Turkey buzzard sits on the workbench amidst the clutter of a taxidermist's tools. Draped across the end of the workbench is the skin of some large animal.

Jenny stops in front of the bench. Then, sensing something behind her, she turns and comes face to face with...

...A UNIFORMED TEXAS DPS OFFICER COMPLETE WITH MIRRORED SUNGLASSES AND REVOLVER.

Jenny gasps, then:

JENNY

Oh, thank God, thank God.
You....

She stops in mid-sentence, sensing that something is not quite right. There's something about the stiffness of the Officer that sends a chill up her spine.

4/8

88. cont.

JENNY

Hello...?

And then it hits her--THE OFFICER IS THE WORK OF A TAXIDERMIST! She clasps her hands to her mouth in horror, backs away.

JENNY

Oh, God. Oh, no.

And then it dawns on her--THE OFFICER IS ARMED.

2/8

(6/8)

89. INT. LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny comes out of the taxidermy room with the Officer's revolver.

Leatherface kicks open the front door, bursts into the farmhouse.

Jenny screams.

Leatherface throws back his head and howls. A clumsy swipe of the chainsaw cuts through the newel post and a great section the balustrade. He charges up the stairs.

Jenny draws a bead on Leatherface. Leatherface stops in his tracks. For the space of a heartbeat neither of them moves. Then Jenny's finger tightens on the trigger. Leatherface lunges up the stairs. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK--EMPTY. EMPTY. EMPTY! Jenny backs a step, throws the revolver at Leatherface.

Leatherface swats the revolver away with the blade of the chainsaw.

Jenny sprints across the landing and dives through a window.

(4/8)

90. EXT. FARMHOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Jenny sleds down the roof in a hail of broken glass. The roof flattens out over a back porch, breaks her fall. She gets to her hands and knees, glances over her shoulder at the window.

Leatherface appears in the window, clears the broken mullions with a swipe of the chainsaw.

Jenny scrambles up the roof to the peak, races along the peak to a big chimney, ducks behind it.

2/8

cont.

90. cont.

Leatherface climbs out of the window onto the roof, looks around for Jenny.

Jenny scrunches down behind the chimney. Then she notices her gown sticking out past the chimney. She tucks it in.

The movement, a flicker of white against the grey of the roof, catches Leatherface's eye. He charges the chimney, circles to the right. Jenny scoots around the chimney, putting it between herself and Leatherface. Leatherface stops, circles around the other way. Jenny scoots back around to the other side.

Leatherface throws back his head and howls in frustration. Then he attacks the chimney, halving it with a single swipe of the chainsaw.

Jenny backs away from the chimney, turns and runs along the peak of the roof to the edge of the farmhouse. An ancient television antenna--a maze of delicate arms bristling with fragile metal branches--towers above the roof-line.

Jenny jumps up, grabs an arm of the antenna, pulls herself up into its maze of arms.

Six feet above the antenna a cable TV line loops over the farmhouse. Below the eaves of the house is the abandoned hulk of a large greenhouse, most of its glass panes either missing or broken.

Leatherface takes a swipe at the antenna, severs an arm.

Jenny screams, climbs higher into the antenna's arms.

Leatherface rears up, severs an arm of the antenna a fraction of an inch beneath Jenny's foot.

Jenny screams, climbs into the uppermost arm of the antenna. A branch of the arm breaks beneath her weight. Her foot slips down the antenna pole.

Leatherface swipes at her foot.

Jenny screams, jerks her foot out of reach. She balances on the slender antenna arm, gets to her hands and knees.

Leatherface swipes at the antenna arm. It's beyond his reach by a fraction of an inch. He howls, swipes at it again, then again and again. Each time it eludes him by a fraction of an inch.

cont.

90. cont.

Jenny pushes up off her knees into a low crouch, spreads her arms for balance, then stands erect and reaches up for the cable line. The antenna sways beneath her weight. She drops back into a crouch.

Leatherface backs away from the antenna, looks up at Jenny, then down at the slender aluminum pole that supports the antenna.

Then everything happens at once--Leatherface swipes at the pole. Jenny screams, leaps into the air. The chainsaw severs the pole. Jennys fingers close around the cable line. The antenna tumbles through space, crashes through the roof of the greenhouse.

Jenny pulls herself up, hooks her ankles over the cable line.

Leatherface rears up below her, flails at the air beneath her with the chainsaw.

The Drummer appears in the window, takes in the scene, gives it an enthusiastic thumbs up.

DRUMMER

Alright!

4/8

(16)

91. EXT. UTILITY POLE - SAME

Two sets of cleats, separated by eighteen inches of slack line, secure the cable line to the utility pole. Jenny's weight on the cable line begins to loosen the first set of cleats.

(17)

92. EXT. POWER LINE - SAME

Jenny shinnies out the Cable line, moving beyond the roof and out over the greenhouse.

(18)

93. EXT. UTILITY POLE - SAME

The first set of cleats tears out of the utility pole.

(19)

94. EXT. POWER LINE - SAME

The line drops. Jenny screams. The line snaps taught, held fast by the second set of cleats.

1/8

cont.

94. cont.

But it loops low over the roof--within Leatherfaces reach. He attacks the line. The teeth of the chainsaw bite into the steel cable.

Jenny kicks free of the cable line, crashes through the roof of the greenhouse.

CUT TO:

248

(248)

95. INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny hits the ground hard. A shower of broken glass rains down over her. She lies still.

It's suddenly quiet and WE REALIZE the ROAR of the chainsaw is missing. And the MUSIC has stopped. Two, three seconds tick past in silence. Jenny comes to with a start, looks around with dull, glazed eyes. For a moment she doesn't know where she is. Then there's a faint clang of symbols and brief drum roll and it comes back to her in a rush. She cries out, struggles to her hands and knees.

(249)

96. EXT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

It's a beautiful night, clear and dreamy. The full moon soars high above the farmhouse.

Jenny bursts out of the greenhouse, sprints across the charred clearing, enters the woods.

And then the ROAR of the chainsaw shatters the night.

An EXPLOSION of glass--millions of tiny particles glittering in the moonlight--and Leatherface explodes through the wall of the greenhouse.

(250)

97. EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny runs. The trunks of the trees, white in the moonlight, flash past. Faster, faster, faster.

Leatherface charges after Jenny, chainsaw ROARING.

A hard-driving, throbbing music comes up, merges with the ROAR of the chainsaw.

(251)

98. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The music surges on. There's a sudden thinning of the woods. Jenny's tiring, her legs tying up. The pounding of her heart comes up over the ROAR of the chainsaw. Her lungs are on fire.

Leatherface looms over her, nude and nightmarish. The ghastly, chromed steel teeth of the chainsaw glitter in the moonlight. There's a POUNDING, a THUNDER or a thousand hooves. The ground trembles. Jenny screams.

CUT TO:

(2/9)

99. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - REAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny bursts out of the thinning woods behind the real estate office, races around the side of the building, bowls over a trash can.

(1/8)

100. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny stumbles up the steps to the office, collapses at the door. Somehow her corsage with its red mum has survived the ordeal.

It takes a moment and then WE REALIZE it's quiet--suddenly, eerily quiet.

The door opens. Darla stands at the threshold.

DARLA

What in the world?

Jenny points to the darkness beyond the office.

JENNY

(gasping)

They're out there.

(3/9)

101. INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Darla helps Jenny inside, guides her to a chair, then turns and starts for the door.

DARLA

We'll just see what's what.

JENNY

No. Don't.

2/9

CONT.

101. cont.

DARLA

Oh, don't worry about it. I'm
just going to put a little scare
in them.

And, before Jenny can protest, she steps outside.

1/8

(3/8)

102. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Darla clumps down the steps. From her POV WE SEE...

...the service station across the road. Its interior is lit
up and there's an old white pickup parked under the port-a-
cote.

DARLA

Okay, God damn it. If you've got
any balls, show your face.

There's no answer. She walks to the far end of the
building, peers around the corner into the darkness.

(2/8)

103. INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The front door is wide open and Jenny's alone. She
shudders, doubles over in the chair, hugs her knees.

(1/8)

104. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - REAR - NIGHT

Darla picks her way through the darkness at the rear of the
building.

DARLA

It's been a long night, boys--I
could stand a little action. At
least make it interesting.

(2/8)

105. INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

There's a SOUND outside--footsteps on the ovster shell.
Jenny looks up. From her POV WE SEE the open door and the
empty parking lot. Someone is coming up the steps. Jenny
gets to her feet, backs against the wall.

Darla appears in the doorway. Jenny clutches her hands to
her heart, sinks to her knees.

Darla plops down in her chair, props her feet up on her
desk.

2/8

cont.

165. cont.

DARLA

It's nothing....

Jenny pales, shakes her head, no.

JENNY

...he had a chainsaw.... ...he
was after me....

DARLA

It's local boys--trying to scare
you is all.

JENNY

No--the wrecker man--he killed
Sean.

Darla swings her legs down, picks up the phone.

DARLA

Oh, hell's bells. it's party
time.(punching up a number)
What about your friends?

JENNY

They went to see if somebody
would give them a ride--I don't
know what happened to them.

DARLA

(into the phone.)

W.E., what's going on? You seen
Vilmer?(a pause as she listens,
then:)I don't want to hear it. You get
your butt over here mucho quicko.

She slams the receiver down on the cradle, turns to Jenny.

DARLA

The old fart, his nerves are
shot. Don't you worry, if Vilmer
does something, believe me it's
for a good reason.

JENNY

Who's Vilmer?

DARLA

Good question.

Cont.

105. cont.

She goes over to Jenny, brushes her hair back off her forehead.

DARLA

(continuing)

You're kind of cute without your glasses and....

W.E. enters the office, carrying a broom and a coil of rope. Darla turns to him.

DARLA

You should have brought a gunny sack or something.

W.E. pulls a black plastic garbage bag out of the back of his belt, throws it down at Darla's feet.

W.E.

What's that look like to you. green eggs?

DARLA

Well, get on over here and tie her up.

Jenny gets to her feet, backs away.

JENNY

No.... Oh, no.

W.E. bares long yellow teeth in a snarl, snaps the broom handle in two against his thigh.

DARLA

You sit right back down there where you were at. I got enough trouble without having to mess with you, too.

JENNY

No.... I'm going. I'm leaving.

She edges away from Darla, starts for the door.

DARLA

God damn it, W.E., see what you got started.

Jenny sidles past W.E.

cont.

105. cont.

DARLA

(continuing.)

You just wait 'til Vilmer hears
about this.

W.E. flinches, then brandishes the broomstick over Jenny's
head. Then, inexplicably, his face crumples and he lowers
the stick and hides it behind his back.

DARLA

If you don't do something, W.E.,
you going to make me have to....

(rummaging through her
desk.)

Where's my gun?

Jenny stops.

JENNY

Please.... I'm scared.

She bows her head, cries quietly. W.E. and Darla exchange
a glance.

JENNY

I don't want to die....

W.E. pounces on Jenny, cracks her over the head with the
broomstick.

Jennys crumples to the floor. W.E. flails at her with the
broomstick.

CUT TO:

5/9

(27)

106. EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - SOME MINUTES LATER

Darla's Cadillac is parked at the foot of the office steps.
The trunk is opened.

W.E. drags Jenny--hands tied behind her back, the black
plastic bag over her head and shoulders--down the steps,
dumps her at the rear of the Cadillac.

Darla appears in the open doorway, phone to her ear.

DARLA

Tell Vilmer I'm going to stop off
at the Pizza Hut and pick us up
some pizzas for dinner.

3/4

cont.

106. cont.

W.E. ignores her, kneels beside Jenny, gathers her in his arms.

Darla disappears into the office.

W.E. struggles to lift Jenny, dumps her into the open trunk. He pulls the length of broken broomstick out of the back of his belt and pokes the plastic bag. Jenny stirs, cries out. W.E. digs the broomstick into the bag.

W.E.

You shut your mouth.

JENNY

You're hurting me.

W.E. works the broomstick deep into the bag. Jenny squirms, tries to avoid the broomstick.

W.E.

What if I was to turn you loose?
What would you give, huh? What
do you think about that?

JENNY

I'll do anything you want.

W.E. pushes the broomstick deeper into the bag.

JENNY

What do you want? Tell me what
you want.

Darla appears in the doorway of the office.

DARLA

W.E., what are you doing back
there?

W.E. jumps. Darla turns to switch off the lights and lock up.

DARLA

God damn it, W.E., grow up, will
you?

W.E. bridles, sneaks a quick jab at Jenny, then slams the lid of the trunk.

Darla gets in behind the wheel, starts the Cadillac, calls to W.E.

cont.

DARLA

Tell Vilmer I phoned in our order
so it would be ready--then I'll
come straight home.

She floors the accelerator. The Cadillac boils out of the parking lot and up the graveled road, leaving a cloud of dust to settle over W.E.

CUT TO:

2/8

(15/8)

107. EXT. PIZZA HUT - DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW - NIGHT

Darla's Cadillac idles at the drive-through window.

The window slides open and the attendant, ABE, a teenager, slides three pizza boxes out to Darla. An officious MANAGER hovers in the background.

ABE

One medium deluxe, one medium
pepperoni, one large vegetarian.
Your drinks will be right out.

Darla takes the pizza boxes, puts them on the seat beside her.

A muffled THUMPING comes from the Cadillac's trunk.

ABE

Lady, I think somebody's in your trunk.

DARLA

Oh, it's just somebody I've got tied up back there.

ABE

Really? Really. what's in there?

Darla pulls the trunk release and climbs out of the car.

DARLA

You want to come see?

ABE

Sure. No. I better not.

(glancing around at the
Manager)

I'll get in trouble.

Darla circles to the trunk.

6/8

cont.

107. cont.

Two bored-looking teenage couples sit at an outside table. All are dressed in black and the girls wear black lipstick.

Darla lifts the trunk lid.

DARLA

You shut up and quit kicking my car.

JENNY

I can't breathe.

DARLA

If I poke a hole for you, are you going to quit?

JENNY

...yes.

Darla leans into the trunk, punctures the plastic bag with her finger.

A police patrol car pulls up behind the Cadillac.

4/8

(28)

108. INT. PATROL CAR - SAME

Leaning into the trunk of her Cadillac, Darla presents the driver, a uniformed policeman named CHAVEZ and his partner, GONZALES, with an alluring view of her ass.

Chavez clears his throat in appreciation, glances at Gonzales. Gonzales shakes his head, kicks open his door.

GONZALES

Somebody's got to do it.

(29)

109. EXT. DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW - SAME

WE SEE Gonzales get out of the patrol car behind Darla, run his fingers through his hair. Darla still hasn't seen him or the patrol car.

DARLA

(to Jenny.)

And if I hear any more kicking or screaming, I'll tape your mouth shut. Okay?

JENNY

...okay.

2/8

cont.

109. cont.

Darla straightens and closes the trunk, then turns to see Gonzales and the patrol car.

GONZALES

What you got in there?

DARLA

(rolling her eyes.)

Believe me, you don't want to know.

GONZALES

Come on--I'm a nice guy.

DARLA

(wagging a finger at Gonzales.)

Uh, uh, uh.

Abel slides a paper bag full of soft drinks out the drive through window, calls to Darla.

ABEL

Ma'am, your drinks are ready.

Darla waves her fingers at Gonzales, walks around to the drive-through window, collects the drinks, gets into the Cadillac and drives off.

5/8 (7/8)

110. EXT. PIZZA HUT EXIT DRIVE - SAME

A man, TOBE, and his dog, SHOCKS, a wire-haired terrier, cross the drive. Tobe prods Shocks with a long, gnarled stick, urging him forward, then jerks on his leash, bringing him up short. Shocks twists around, snaps and snarls at the stick. Tobe snarls and grinds his teeth in chorus with Shocks.

Darla taps her horn and Tobe and Shocks scurry out of the way. Darla pulls through the exit. Tobe and Shocks look after her. Both emit low, menacing growls.

(2/8)

III. EXT. DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW - SAME

Gonzales and Chavez at the drive-through window.

ABE

What did she have in there?

1/8

cont.

III. cont.

CHAVEZ
(brusque)

What? Are you Sherlock Holmes?

ABE
(cowed)

No.

CUT TO:

4

(2/8)

112. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - NIGHT

Darla's Cadillac speeds up the road, churning up a cloud of gravel dust in its wake.

(1/2)

113. INT. DARLA'S CADILLAC - SAME

Darla tunes the radio, comes upon Linda Ronstadt's version of "Blue Bayou." She turns up the volume, pushes the accelerator to the floor, joins in on the chorus.

Then, happening to glance into the rearview mirror, she sees the reflection of headlights far back down the road. She backs off the accelerator, reduces the Cadillac's speed to 55.

She glances into the rearview mirror again. The headlights are closing fast.

The headlights races up behind the Cadillac, then swind left and a vehicle--the patrol car from the Pizza Hut--pulls up alongside the Cadillac, matches its speed to the Cadillac's.

Darla smiles, twiddles her fingers at the patrol car.

The patrol car accelerates suddenly, zooms past at a terrific speed.

CUT TO:

(5/8)

114. EXT. DIRT ROAD - SOME MINUTES LATER

The Cadillac bounces up the rutted road at high speed. Charlie Rich's "Behind Closed Doors" blares from its speakers.

Suddenly the headlights pick up a figure crawling across the road.

cont.

4

114. cont.

Darla slams on the brakes. The Cadillac slides to a stop in a spray of dirt.

14

(23)

115. EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Darla climbs out of the Cadillac, approaches the figure-- it's Heather.

DARLA

What are you doing out here in the middle of the road?

HEATHER

Help me.... Please....

Darla thinks a minute, then...

DARLA

Okay. But I'm going to have to run go get a blanket or something first. You stay right there. okay?

HEATHER

Yes.

Darla starts back to the Cadillac, then thinks better of it. picks up a stout limb from the roadside, approaches Heather.

Heather raises her arms protectively.

HEATHER

No.... Please....

Darla hits her--a half-hearted blow. Heather cries out. Darla hits her again--an equally half-hearted blow. Heather curls into a ball, wraps her arms around her head. Darla raises the limb to strike again, then shrugs her shoulders, tosses the limb aside, brushes off her hands.

DARLA

Promise you won't go crawling off.

HEATHER

Yes.

(7/4)

16. EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The farmhouse is lit up, downstairs and up. The wrecker, the Volvo station wagon, and the white pickup are parked out front.

Darla's Cadillac rattles across the charred clearing, slides to a stop in front of the house.

(1/8)

17. INT. CADILLAC - SAME

Darla taps the horn a couple of times, pulls the trunk release, gathers pizzas and the bag of soft drinks and steps out of the car, leaving the keys in the ignition.

(1/8)

18. EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Darla, juggling pizzas and soft drinks, mounts the steps and crosses the porch to the front door.

Leatherface--in gingham apron and the coiffed blue hair of an elderly woman--backs out the door, arms raised protectively.

W.E. follows him out, brandishing the broomstick in his face.

W.E.

Go on, get, get out there.

Darla steps between them.

DARLA

Leave him alone, W.E.

W.E. bridles, raises his hand to her. Darla ignores him, turns to Leatherface.

DARLA

You run along and do what he says. If he tries to hit you, you tell me...

(turning to W.E.)

...and I'll tell Vilmer.

W.E. brandishes the broomstick under her nose, sputters angrily.

6/8

cont.

118. cont.

DARLA

You might can scare him. but you
lay a hand on me and you'll wish
you hadn't.

W.E. crumples, stands aside. Darla enters the house.

Leatherface backs down the steps. Jogs out to Darla's
Cadillac. W.E. follows to the head of the steps, wags his
broomstick after him.

Darla appears at the door, calls to W.E.

DARLA

I almost forgot. One of them got
away--she's off crawling down the
road. You better go get her too.

She disappears into the house.

Leatherface scoops Jenny out of the trunk.

JENNY

Who's there? What are you doing?

Leatherface whinnies nervously, wraps his arms around her.
trots back toward the house.

JENNY

Stop. Please.... Put me down.

W.E. stands aside, waves Leatherface up the steps.
Leatherface sidles past W.E. W.E. turns on him, gooses him
with the broomstick. Leatherface yelps, scuttles across the
porch and disappears into the farmhouse.

b/g

(14)

119. INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A single bulb in a greasy, flyblown fixture does little to
dispel the gloom of the kitchen.

A double-barreled shotgun leans against the butcher block
table.

Vilmer stands at the counter, fits AA batteries into the
battery compartment of a remote control device.

It's the first time we've seen him--as gloomy as the kitchen
is--in the light.

Cont.

2/4

119. Cont.

A birthmark runs down his right cheek and his hair is unkempt and greasy, nevertheless there is something compelling about his presence. He radiates a powerful sexuality, brutal and terrifying, but undeniable. He wears a green jump suit and taped to his right leg is a strange mechanical apparatus--it's made of parts of children's erector sets, small electrical motors, wheels, gears, etc. And strapped to his waist are banks of battery packs with wires running down to the mechanical apparatus. The kitchen is littered with spare battery packs, remote control devices and thousand of AA, 9-volt and C batteries. They spill out of boxes, clutter the counter tops, roll around the floor, etc.

Vilmer presses a button on the remote control device--there's a strange ELECTRICAL WHINE and the apparatus lifts his leg. He presses another button and the leg moves down.

Darla enters the kitchen.

DARLA

Oh--hi, sweetie--how was your day?

Vilmer doesn't look up.

VILMER

Shut up.

Darla frowns, dumps the boxes of pizza and the bag of soft drinks on the butcher block table.

DARLA

What are you all pissed off about?

(then removing her heels)

Oh, my feet are killing me.

(then on another tack)

What did W.E. tell you? I told him to tell you I was doing for pizza. Shit. He didn't tell you, did he? That son of a bitch.... I'm sorry, sweetie....

Leatherface wrestles Jenny through the kitchen door, slams her down into one of the ladderback chairs. W.E. pushes past Leatherface into the kitchen.

W.E.

(to Vilmer)

Did you see what your brother did to the stairs?

cont.

119. cont.

DARLA

I've flat out had it with you,
W.E. Ever since I set foot in
this house you've been trying to
stir up trouble between me and
Vilmer. To hell with the stairs--
nobody gives a damn about the
stairs.

VILMER

Shut up.

W.E. and Darla freeze...

...Vilmer hits the remote control and motors WHIRK--the
apparatus lifts his leg, brings it down.

W.E. nudges Leatherface with the broomstick and they back
out of the room.

Vilmer hobbles past Jenny to a broom closet, opens the door
and rummages around inside. after a moment, comes upon
something and gives it a yank. It's stuck. He yanks again
and still it doesn't come out. He yanks again--this time
with a cold, savage fury. Then again, again, again--each
time more savagely.

There's something about the repetition of the movement, the
savagery of it that's riveting. And at the same time
horrifying.

Vilmer yanks again, again, again, again. Then, suddenly he
flies out of the closet, clutching an ancient acoustical
guitar. He kicks a chair over in front of Jenny, sits down,
brings his knees into contact with hers.

Jenny recoils from his touch.

Vilmer strums the guitar--it's long out of tune--hums a
couple of bars of a song. It's a tune that's very familiar--
even if at first WE can't quite place it. And then he
sings a broken phrase or two, humming the missing words.

VILMER

Happy trails to you.... Til we
meet again....

Jenny bows her head and sobs. Vilmer sets the guitar aside,
gets to his feet, and then--in a sudden rage--rips the
garbage bag off over her head. Jenny screams.

cont.

119. cont.

In a flash Vilmer's fingers close around her throat...he forces her head against the back of the chair.

VILMER

You don't fucking believe this, do you?

JENNY

Please.... Oh, God.... What's going to happen to me?

VILMER

I asked you a God damn question.

JENNY

Yes.... I do--I believe it.

VILMER

You think the FBI doesn't have this house under 24 hour surveillance? You think these walls aren't full of transmitters.

JENNY

The FBI knows I'm here...?

VILMER

You think all I want to do is kill you?

JENNY

I don't know....

VILMER

You're God damn right, you don't.

His fingers tighten around her throat. Jenny gags. Vilmer lifts her bodily out of the chair and slams her against the wall.

DARLA

Sweetie--why don't you just try and relax a bit. It know it's hard, but....

Vilmer whips around. Darla stops in mid-sentence. Vilmer grabs the guitar, smashes it over the butcher block table and storms out of the room.

Darla crosses to Jenny, helps her to the chair.

cont.

DARLA

It's not his fault. If it was up to him, he'd just as soon have a desk job in some office. But they won't give him a transfer.

JENNY

Who? Please, what's this all about?

DARLA

It's complicated--you'd have to ask Vilmer. Psssst. If you ask me, the son of a bitch is from outer space.

Then from the vestibule there comes the SOUND of something heavy being dragged across the floor. Vilmer drags Heather into the kitchen, dumps her on the floor at Jenny's feet. Leatherface and W.E. troop in behind him.

JENNY

Oh, no.... Oh, God--what are you going to do?

VILMER

What are you going to do?

Jenny works her wrists, but the ropes bite deep into her flesh. She bows her head in defeat.

JENNY

Nothing.

Vilmer grabs Heather by the hair. Jerks her to her feet. Heather moans, paws at him feebly.

JENNY

Please, don't hurt her. Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it.

Vilmer ignores her, fastens his teeth on Heather's nose. shakes his head like a terrier.

Heather cries out in horror, paws at Vilmer.

Jenny comes up out of her chair.

JENNY

Oh, no.... Please, stop....

She lunges at Vilmer. Leatherface wraps his arms around her, lifts her off her feet.

cont.

119. cont.

Jennys stomach heaves.

1/8

(43/8)

120. INT. THE BATHROOM - SOME MINUTES LATER

Darla runs a damp washcloth over Jenny's face.

DARLA

There now...how's that? Feel better?

(tilting Jenny's chin to the mirror)

Look at you.... You really are cute. Oh, I know. I have this dress...i've never even worn it. It would be perfect.

Jenny tucks her chin to her chest, sobs. But it's true-- with the thick lensed glasses no longer distorting her face, the tight curls replaced by wild mane, and the dress minus the awful bow and taffeta no longer concealing her figure. it's apparent that she is a beauty.

DARLA

Oh, you're scared.

JENNY

I don't want to die.

Darla dabs at Jenny's corsage with the damp washcloth.

DARLA

Of course, you don't.

JENNY

Please, you have to help me.

Then BLAM, BLAM, BLAM on the door. The doorknob rattles. Jenny flinches.

VILMER (O.S.)

Shut up in there.

DARLA

(calling through the door)

It's just girl talk.

(then to Jenny)

He really is a nice guy, once you get to know him. It's this job...the stress.

7/8

cont.

JENNY

His job? It's his job to kill people?

DARLA

I shouldn't be telling you this..., Okay, you've heard about these people that are really the ones that are in control of everything, but nobody knows who they are, right?

Jenny plays along.

JENNY

Right.

DARLA

They really are. It's all true. I wouldn't have believed it 'til I met Vilmer, but it's really true. Who do you think really killed Kennedy?

JENNY

I don't know? The government?

DARLA

No, no, no. Of course, not. The government's bullcrap. It's these people. They've been doing it for a thousand or two thousand years--I forget which--and nobody knows their names.

JENNY

Really? That's interesting. What did you say your name was? I'm sorry--I'm terrible about names.

DARLA

Oh, me too. It's okay. Darla. God, I've always hated that name.

JENNY

I'm Jenny.

DARLA

Pleased to meet you Jenny.

JENNY

What can I do? What should I do?

cont.

120. cont.

Darla shrugs.

DARLA

Keep your mouth shut and do what
he tells you. And don't ask
questions.

Then there's a SPLINTERING of wood and the door bursts open.
Vilmer grabs Darla by the hair and hustles her out of the
bathroom, then slams the door at her back. He turns on
Jenny, flattens her against the wall, whips out a straight
razor and puts it to her throat..

VILMER

Why don't I cut your throat?
You've got ten seconds--nine.

JENNY

Why shouldn't you kill me...?

Darla pounds on he door.

DARLA (O.S.)

Vilmer? Vilmer. God damn it it's
not fair. I was just getting
started.

VILMER

Eight.

JENNY

Uh, uh, because...because....

VILMER

Seven. You better get it right.
Six.

DARLA (O.S.)

Vilmer, God damn it, you better
not be messing with her.

VILMER

Five. Four.

(then in a rush)

Three-two-one.

JENNY

Wait, wait. I know....

DARLA

Vilmer.... Please, hon....

cont.

1

120. cont.

JENNY
(continuing)

Because you want me alive for
some reason.

Vilmer tightens his grip on Jennys throat. She gags.

VILMER
Oh. Un, on, on...a smart girl.

Abruptly he releases her.

VILMER
Think about it, smart girl. Kind
of makes you think, doesn't it?

Then, turning his back on Jenny, he jerks the door open.
Darla swarms over him, claws at his face. Vilmer grabs her
by the hair and drags her kicking and screaming out of the
bathroom.

Leatherface fills the door. Jenny backs against the wall,
then dives under the sink, grabs onto the pipes.

Leatherface grabs her legs, jerks her free of the pipes,
drags her to the door. Jenny grabs onto the doorframe.
Leatherface throws back his head and howls, then rips her
loose and heaves her out of the bathroom.

4/8 (3 3/8)

121. INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Vilmer drags Darla into the kitchen, backhands her, knocking
her back against the kitchen counter.

Darla slides to the floor, bursts into tears.

DARLA
God damn it, Vilmer, you're
embarrassing me in front of
company.

Leatherface lugs Jenny into the kitchen, slams her down in
the ladder-back chair.

Vilmer ignores Darla, turns to Jenny.

Darla stifles her tears, picks up one of her heels and
pounces on Vilmer. Vilmer screams, drops to his knees.

Leatherface panics, runs in frantic circles.

cont.

4/8

121. Cont.

W.E. appears in the doorway, sputters in mute outrage, shakes his finger at Vilmer and Darla, then draws himself up in indignation.

W.E.

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg." General Zacharia S. Taylor.

For a time--it seems like an eternity--Jenny watches in open-mouthed, stunned silence. And then the shotgun--leaning unattended against the butcher block table--comes into focus. She gets slowly to her feet, takes a tentative step forward.

Darla straddles Vilmer, mounts a savage attack with the shoe.

In a daze Jenny picks up the shotgun, turns it on Vilmer and Darla.

JENNY

Stop it.

Everything stops. A moment of stunned silence follows.

Leatherface looks from Vilmer to Jenny to Vilmer. W.E. fidgets, starts one way and then the next. Jenny swings the muzzle from Vilmer to W.E. W.E. freezes.

JENNY

Nobody move or I'll shoot.

VILMER

(falsetto)

Nobody move or I'll shoot.

W.E. sputters. Jenny swings the muzzle back to cover Vilmer. Leatherface begins to whimper. Jenny turns the shotgun on him and he falls silent.

The Drummer appears in the doorway. Jenny turns the shotgun on him.

JENNY

Hands up.

DRUMMER

It's cool. I'm with the band.

He ducks out of sight.

cont.

W.E.

If you want my advice, gut shoot him--poison his insides. Otherwise it ain't going to do no good. He's been shot before lots of times and run over and it don't mean spit.

DARLA

Shut up, W.E. Nobody asked you.

JENNY

Shut up, shut up. All of you.

Silence. Jenny doesn't seem to know what to do...two. then three seconds tick past...then:

JENNY

Okay--lie down on the floor. Everybody. And keep your hands out in front of you.

Almost in unison Darla, W.E. and Leatherface prostrate themselves. Vilmer gets to his feet.

JENNY

You too. Lie down.

VILMER

Or what? Are you going shoot me?

JENNY

Yes. If you try anything....

She thumbs back the hammer.

VILMER

What if I do this....?

Vilmer unzips his jump suit, shrugs off the shirt down to his waist. Vilmer's chest and abdomen are covered in a startling mosaic of scar tissue--elaborate geometric patterns and complex swirls of raised scar tissue interwoven with natural scarring.

DARLA

God damn it, Vilmer, that isn't one bit funny.

Vilmer stiffens, then pulls on his shirt and turns to Darla without a word, pulls two shotgun shells out of his pocket, plunks them down on the counter. Jenny wilts.

cont.

W.E.

(to Jenny)

It's a damn trick.

DARLA

Shut up, W.E.

(then to Jenny)

Forget it, non--if that shotgun
was sitting where you could get
at it, it's because that's what
he wanted.

W.E. and Leatherface start to their feet. Jenny turns the
shotgun on them.

JENNY

Stop. Lie back down.

Both of them ignore her. Darla gets to her hands and knees.

JENNY

You too. Lie back down or I'll
shoot.

Darla pays her no heed, settles into a chair, gives Vilmer a
pat on the hand.

DARLA

I'm sorry, sweetie. What can I
say--I've got a big mouth.

JENNY

Okay--maybe it isn't loaded, but
maybe it is...and, if anybody
comes near me or tries to stop
me, I'll shoot.

She nudges Heather with her foot. Leatherface edges toward
the door. Jenny turns the shotgun on him.

Leatherface stops, looks to Vilmer.

JENNY

Heather...? Heather, get up--you
have to get up...we have to get
out of here.

Heather's lips move wordlessly, then:

HEATHER

Five more minutes....

cont.

121. Cont.

Darla pulls her handbag into her lap, turns to Vilmer.

DARLA

Let's not make this an all
nighter, okay?

JENNY

(frantic, prodding
Heather)

Heather. Heather....

DARLA

(to Jenny)

I hate to be a party pooper, but
it's been a long day and I'm
tired.

(fishing cigarettes and
lighter out of her bag)

If we don't eat, the pizza's
going to get cold.

VILMER

Shut up.

DARLA

(to Jenny, lighting a
cigarette)

He thinks I talk too much.

Vilmer kicks her chair out from under her. Darla hits the
floor hard. Vilmer drives the point of his boot into her
ribs and she rolls onto her back against the baseboard.

JENNY

Stop, stop it--I'll shoot.

Vilmer ignores her, hits the remote...his foot comes up,
then down on Darla's throat, pinning her against the
baseboard.

DARLA

(trying to wriggle out
from under Vilmer's foot)

Vilmer, God damn it...

The Drummer enters the kitchen, a cigarette dangling from
his lips, slides past Vilmer to the refrigerator.

Vilmer braces himself against the table, increases the
pressure on Darla's throat.

Cont.

JENNY
(poking Vilmer with the
shotgun)
Stop it. That's enough.

DARLA
...you're hurting me.

The Drummer gets a six pack of beer out of the refrigerator
and sidles out of the room.

Vilmer hits the remote...electric motors WHIkk. gears
turn...driving his foot into Darla's throat. Darla oads.

JENNY
She can't breathe.

Vilmer ignores Jenny, increases the pressure. Darla's face
turns blue and her eyes start out of their sockets...she
claws at Vilmer leg.

JENNY
You're killing her.

And then behind her, Heather moans piteously.

HEATHER
Uhhhhhhhhhh....

Jenny cries out, turns to her. Heather's up on her hands
and knees...wobbly. but up, arms and legs trembling with the
effort.

HEATHER
I can't find my shoes....

She sags...

JENNY
Heather, it's okay.... get
up...!

Heather slumps to the floor.

Jenny turns to Vilmer, jams the muzzle of the shotgun
against his ribs, pulls the trigger...CLICK. Jenny screams.

Vilmer turns on her, rips the shotgun out of her hands,
thumbs back the second hammer...

VILMER
Pop goes the weasel....

cont.

121. cont.

...whips around, turns the gun on W.E....pulls the trigger--
BLAM! The blast rips a gaping hole in the wall above W.E.'s
head.

In the moment of silence that follows Jenny takes in the
room--Leatherface shaking his hands in a frightened
dither...Vilmer standing over W.E....Darla gasping for
air...Heather slumped face down on the floor---backs a step.
then turns and runs....

2/3 (5 1/2)

122. INT. HALLWAY - A SPLIT SECOND LATER

Jenny tears through the vestibule, races up the hallway.

(1/3)

123. EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny bursts through the door, tumbles down the steps and
runs around to Darla's Cadillac and jumps in behind the
wheel.

(1/3)

124. INT. DARLA'S CADILLAC - SAME

The keys are in the ignition!

JENNY

Yes...!

She starts the car, pops into reverse, floors it and whips
it around 180 degrees. The rear bumper slams into the the
house.

CUT TO:

(2/3)

125. EXT. FARMHOUSE- A SECOND STORY DORMER WINDOW - SAME

Vilmer in the open window, poised jump. He springs into the
air high above the car.

(1/3)

126. INTERCUT INT. AND EXT. DARLA'S CADILLAC - SAME

Jenny rams the car into drive, floors the accelerator. The
car's tires spin.

Vilmer lands on the cab of the car. The roof buckles.
Jenny screams.

The tires gain traction. The Cadillac spurts ahead.

1/3

cont.

126. cont.

Vilmer rolls off the cab and down the windshield onto the hood of the car. He grabs a windshield wiper and breaks his fall.

Jenny wrenches the wheel. The car fishtails, flinging Vilmer off to one side.

Vilmer flips around, grabs the other wiper and pulls himself up to his knees, punches the windshield. His fist punctures the glass. He gropes inside the car for Jenny's throat.

Jenny screams, slams on the brakes.

Vilmer tumbles backward off the hood of the car.

Jenny closes her eyes and floors the accelerator. The expected THUMP as the car passes over Vilmer's body doesn't come. Jenny opens her eyes--just in time to see the hood fly open in her face.

It slams into the windshield, blinding Jenny. The next instant the Cadillac slams into a tree.

Jenny cracks her head against the steering wheel. loses consciousness for an instant, then comes to with a start. Steam from the ruptured radiator billows over the car.

Jenny looks around. There's no sign of Vilmer. She cautiously eases open the door, again looks around. Still no sign of Vilmer.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CAR. Jenny's feet hit the ground.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JENNY. Jenny peers over the cab, around the hood--no Vilmer. She starts to move away. Vilmer's hands snake out from beneath the car, grab Jenny's ankles. She screams.

7/8

(1)

127. INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Vilmer carries Jenny, kicking and clawing, into the kitchen. puts her down, pushes her away from him.

Jenny stumbles into W.E., cries out and backs away. Vilmer picks up the shotgun, buttstrokes Jenny. Jenny slumps to the floor unconscious.

(1/4)

CUT TO:

128. INT. FARMHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER THAT NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP of a woman applying lipstick to a full, sensual lower lip.

A sensuous saxophone solo PLAYS softly in the background.

ANOTHER EXTREME CLOSE UP of the beautiful woman's breasts sheathed in black silk. She applies perfume, tracing the curve of her breasts with the tip of a perfume stopper.

Then WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL a small, narrow room with a big bay window at one end. The room is cluttered with odds and ends of furniture, small appliances, knickknacks--stacks of newspapers and magazines tower to the ceiling. The only clear area is a path leading to a small dressing table where...

...Leatherface in a black silk dress over baggy trousers, his upper body--face, throat, shoulders, breasts--overlaid by the skin of a beautiful dark-haired woman, admires his reflection in the mirror.

CUT TO:

(4/8)

129. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vilmer cuts the tape that binds a battery pack to his waist, tosses it aside, picks up a new battery pack--from a counter cluttered with spare batteries, motors, motor parts--tapes it in place.

DING--a counter top microwave oven chimes.

Vilmer ignores the chime, impatiently sorts through the clutter on the counter.

Darla enters, crosses to the microwave and in passing runs her fingers up Vilmer's back. Vilmer shrugs her off.

DARLA

You better start being nice to me--I can always go back to my husband.

Vilmer ignores her. Darla removes a pizza from the microwave, then picks up two remotes sitting apart from the clutter, presses a button on one of them.

cont.

4/8

129. Cont.

Motors HUM. Vilmer's leg lifts. He turns to Darla. Darla holds out the remotes, then--when Vilmer reaches for them--tucks them behind her back, grabs his lapel, pulls him close and kisses him--a deep, bruising kiss.

Vilmer reaches behind her back, plucks the remotes from her hand, clicks one of the remotes. Motors WHIRK.

Darla rakes his chest with her nails, then turns and picks up the pizza.

DARLA
(exiting)

Come on and eat before it gets cold.

Vilmer ignores her, tests his leg--up, down, etc., first with one remote, then with the other. Then, satisfied, he pockets the remotes...one in either pocket.

3A

(7/8)

130. INT. DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jenny slumps over unconscious in an armchair at the head of a long dining table. She is now dressed in an elegant black evening dress. Darla has applied makeup and even managed to do a little something with her hair. Jenny is stunning.

The arms of Jenny's chair--all of the chairs around the table--are human arms and their feet, human feet. The finials are capped with human skulls and the wooden frames are inlaid with the skulls of small animals--rodents, frogs, birds, etc.

The walls of the dining room seem to be alive with the tangled roots of a massive tree and then WE REALIZE that the roots are desiccated viscera--mummified organs, intestines, hearts, kidneys, livers of hundreds of victims.

Two elaborate, multi-tiered chandeliers tinkling with thousands of delicate bone fragments hang over the dining table.

A floor lamp--it's shade of human skin, fringed with finger bones--looms over Jenny's shoulder.

Heavy, mouldering brocade curtains cover the windows, blocking out all light.

On a side board is a human bust of a man who bears a startling resemblance to Walter Cronkite.

5/8

cont.

130. cont.

Seated in the chairs on either side of the long dining table--stiff, but very lifelike except for the grey tone of their flesh--are the dinner guests.

At the foot of the table is an ancient gentleman in a black suit, a dinner napkin tucked neatly into his shirt collar--GRANDPA. Grandpa appears to be napping.

On the right side of the table--to Grandpa's right--is an elderly woman or rather the mummified remains of an elderly woman, GRANDMA.

W.E. sits next to Grandma. And Heather is seated next to him, slumped over face down in a generous slice of deep dish pizza.

Darla sits in the chair next to Heather, eating a slice of pizza. Leatherface, grotesque in the bulging black silk dress, sits opposite her. A huge chainsaw and a long handled sledge hammer rest on the table to his right. To his left is a hand mirror, a variety of lipsticks, facial powders, vials of perfume.

To Grandpa's right is an All American family. MOTHER. FATHER and teen-age DAUGHTER.

The handsome young DPS Officer in mirrored sunglasses occupies the corner behind Grandpa.

The table is littered with batteries, remote control devices, tools--a claw hammer, an assortment of screw drivers--rolls of tape, bits of wire, a fire extinguisher, etc.

Vilmer enters from the kitchen, crosses behind Darla, moves swiftly to the foot of the table.

DARLA

Vilmer, sweetie.... Please,
could we just for once have a
nice, quiet dinner.

Vilmer lifts Jenny's head, slaps her hard across the face.

DARLA

(continuing)

The pizza going to get cold.

(then to herself)

Jesus, I'm beginning to sound
like my mother.

CONT.

130. cont.

Jenny begins to regain consciousness and Vilmer slaps her again...hard.

Jenny recoils from the blow and then, fully conscious, looks around at the assembly. She cries out, bolts up out of her chair. Vilmer grabs her by the hair.

Jenny screams, turns on him, kicks him, claws at his face.

Leatherface throws back his head, howls in chorus with Jenny.

Vilmer wrestles Jenny back into the armchair, joins Leatherface, screaming in chorus with Jenny.

Darla clamps her hands over her ears.

DARLA

Vilmer, please, sweetie, the screaming gets on my nerves.

But Leatherface hasn't heard her and Vilmer ignores her. She reaches across the table and slaps Leatherface's hand. Leatherface immediately ceases howling, appears--as much as is possible behind the mask of the beautiful woman's face--chastened.

But Vilmer howls on in defiance of Darla.

Jenny begins to hyper-ventilate.

Darla empties a paper bag of soft drinks, blows into the bag, then places the mouth of the bag over Jennys mouth.

DARLA

Here, hon, breathe into this.

Jenny clasps the bag to her face, breathes deeply.

DARLA

It kind of gives you a scare 'til you get used to it. Used to be he just dried them out in the sun, but I sent off for a taxidermy kit for him and he's got where he's pretty good at it.

And then a chilling sound...Heather...she's moaning, a low pleading sound.

cont.

HEATHER

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. uhhhhhhhh.
 uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Jenny discards the paper bag, turns to Darla.

JENNY

Are you going to help me or not?
 Yes or no?

Vilmer drops to his knees beside Jenny, clasps his hands
 together in a mockery of supplication.

JENNY

(continuing)

And don't give me any of that
 crap about there being some weird
 secret reasons....

DARLA

Hon, you just don't know....

JENNY

(cutting her off)

...and he doesn't work for
 anybody.

DARLA

(putting her finger to her
 lips.)

Shhhhh. Shnnhh.

JENNY

(continuing over Darla)

There's no reason for this--
 except that he gets off on it.
 He's a low life....

W.E.

(shaking his head
 weefully)

If I told him once, I told him a
 thousand times--it's going to end
 in tears.

DARLA

I'm sorry, hon. I can't.

W.E.

...get to running with the wrong
 crowd and before you know it you
 wind up in the Reformatory...

cont.

↑

DARLA

(continuing)

Vilmer's got this thing they put
in my head. If I was to do
something, all he'd have to do is
push a button and it would blow
my head clean off.

W.E.

(to himself.)

...no respect...

JENNY

There's nothing in your head.

Vilmer grabs her by the hair, slams her head against the
back of the armchair.

VILMER

Leatherface's tired of what's-
her-name's face...

DARLA

Amanda.... No, Adrian...?

(knitting her brow in
thought)

Adrian...?

VILMER

(continuing)

...he wants a new one.

(taking Jenny's faces in
his hands)

And he wants it to be this face.

Jenny tries to fend him off. Vilmer persists, runs his
hands over Jenny's throat, shoulders, breasts.

But Jenny's had enough, more than enough. She snaps.

JENNY

Get your hands off of me, you
creep.

She slaps Vilmer's face, then slaps him again...hard.

Vilmer freezes, turns white. And suddenly it's dead quiet.
Except for W.E...

W.E.

...teach them some discipline....

cont.

130, cont.

And then Jenny...

JENNY

And don't you ever put your hands
on me ever again.

Vilmer straightens, backs a step.

W.E.

...and then they want to come
crying home....

JENNY

Kill me--I don't care. Do
whatever you're going to do, but
I'm not taking any more of your
crap. I've had it. Look at
you...you're a piece of shit.
This is all bullshit and no one
believes a word of it--except
your idiot girlfriend. It's
fucking pathetic.

Vilmer whips around, kicks over Darla's chair. Darla
tumbles out onto the floor.

W.E. leaps to his feet, thrusts out his belly in defiance of
Vilmer.

W.E.

"The only thing we have to fear
is fear itself." F. D.
Roosevelt.

Vilmer scoops the claw hammer off the table, hits W.E.
between the eyes, then storms out of the room. W.E. slides
to the floor.

DARLA

(righting her chair)
I told you not to make him mad.

Jenny gets to her feet.

JENNY

Go to hell. I'm getting out of
here and nobody better try to
stop me.

Leatherface howls, lurches to his feet, confronts Jenny.

cont.

130. cont.

JENNY

Sit the fuck down.

...and AMAZINGLY Leatherface SITS! His howling trails off to a whimper.

JENNY

And shut up.

Leatherface falls silent.

Vilmer bursts into the room, carrying a five gallon can of gasoline. He heaves it up onto the table beside Heather.

JENNY

Oh, shit.

Then Grandpa SCRAPES back his chair--in spite of appearances, he's alive...if only barely. He gets slowly and painfully to his feet.

A silence falls over the room.

Grandpa shuffles off through the kitchen door.

Then Vilmer upends the gas can, sloshing gasoline over Heather.

JENNY

No.... Please.... I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

She starts around the table. Leatherface grabs her, pins her arms to her sides.

DARLA

You should have listened to me when you had the chance.

Vilmer digs into a pocket, comes out with a big kitchen match, pops the head with his thumbnail. The match crackles, bursts into flame.

JENNY

Please.... It's not her fault....

Vilmer tosses the match on Heather. Small blue flames spring to life, dance over Heather. Heather moans, tries to brush off the flames.

cont.

130. cont.

Then WHOOOSH--the blue flames explode into a ball of orange fire. Heather screams, leaps to her feet, reels across the room, slams into the wall.

Jenny breaks down, sinks to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

Darla picks up a fire extinguisher, douses Heather. The flames flicker, die.

DARLA

I hate it when you do that. I
can't ever get the smell out of
my clothes.

2/8

(6 7/8)

131. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A car horn sounds outside the house. A hush falls over the room. Vilmer clamps his hand over Jenny's mouth.

Darla goes to a window and peers out. From her POV WE SEE a big, grey Mercedes limousine pull up before the farmhouse. A huge, uniformed CHAUFFEUR climbs out from behind the wheel, looks up at the house.

Darla turns to Vilmer with a look of consternation.

Jenny bites Vilmer's hand, screams. Vilmer howls, backhands her, grabs a filthy handtowel and forces it into her mouth.

CUT TO:

(3/8)

132. INT. - HALLWAY INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

There's a knock at the door. Vilmer goes to the door, opens it.

An imposing, silver-haired man, ROTHMAN, stands at the door. The Chauffeur hovers at his elbow.

Vilmer stands aside and Rothman enters.

VILMER

What do you want?

There's a clang of symbols and a drum roll from upstairs.

Rothman glances upstairs, then turns a withering look on Vilmer.

3/8

cont.

132. Cont.

Vilmer turns away defiantly.

Rothman turns to the Chauffeur and directs him upstairs with a lift of his chin.

The Chauffeur gives Vilmer a smirk and puts a shoulder into him as he passes.

Rothman removes pale grey doeskin driving gloves and tucks them into the pocket of a fawn colored topcoat.

ROTHMAN

I assume that's a rhetorical question.

VILMER

Assume whatever you God damn well please. It's no skin off my ass.

ROTHMAN

Is it that you want me to think, that you're a damn fool? I know better.

There's a sudden commotion upstairs and the the band members tumble down the stairs, led by the Drummer and brought up in the rear by the Hanger-on.

The Drummer sidles past Rothman, turns to Vilmer as he slips out the door.

DRUMMER

Later, man. We're out of here.

The remainder of the band and the Hanger-on follow on his heels.

From the head of the stairs the Chauffeur gives Vilmer a smug look.

6/8

(1 1/8)

133. INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rothman enters, followed by Vilmer. Leatherface is clearly disconcerted by Rothman's presence. In his confusion he releases Jenny, backs a step.

Jenny throws herself at Rothman's feet.

JENNY

These people are crazy. They killed my friends.

2/8

cont.

133. cont.

Rothman helps Jenny to her feet, puts an avuncular arm around her shoulders.

ROTHMAN

There, there.

JENNY

(continuing in a whisper)

Please, you have to help me.

ROTHMAN

That I will.

JENNY

Thank you, thank you.

ROTHMAN

(turning to Vilmer)

What is this? What the hell is going on around here?

He ushers Jenny to a chair.

ROTHMAN

(to Jenny)

Things are going to change--I promise you that.

He turns to Vilmer, takes him by the shoulders and bodily turns him around, then takes him by the arm and draws him aside.

ROTHMAN

(in a hard-edged whisper)

God damn it, I'm frankly sick to my stomach. This is appalling. It's childish. You're here for a reason. Either you cut the monkeyshines and get the job done or I'll get someone in here who can. Is that clear?

Vilmer doesn't answer.

ROTHMAN

This is not going to do it, son. I want these people to understand the meaning of the word horror. Is that clear?

Again Vilmer doesn't answer.

cont.

133 . cont.

ROTHMAN

Is that clear?

VILMER

Fucking-A.

Rothman turns to Leatherface, indicating Jenny with a nod. Leatherface pins Jenny in the chair.

JENNY

No.

Rothman crosses to her and, standing over her, loosens his tie, unbuttons his collar button, then begins to unbutton his shirt.

JENNY

What are you doing?

Rothman ignores her, acknowledges Darla with a nod.

ROTHMAN

Why a good looking woman like you
puts up with a sorry son of a
bitch like this is a mystery to
me.

Rothman opens his shirt. His chest and abdomen are a horrible sight. Jenny screams. Grotesque, warty protuberances ring his abdomen. A maze of scar tissue as thick as a man's finger cover his chest. Finely worked tattoos decorate the trenches between the raised tissue. Both his nipples, the raised scar tissue and the warty protuberances have been pierced and sport various ornament, rings, etc.

Rothman bends over Jenny, cups her face in his hands and licks her face. Jenny recoils, tries to wriggle away but he holds her firmly. Abruptly he releases her, turns and leaves the room.

No one moves. WE HEAR A SUDDEN OUTBURST of laughter from the hallway--Rothman and the Chauffeur, then the SOUND of the front door closing. A brief silence follows. Vilmer turns to Heather. Heather moans and stirs. WHIRRR--Vilmer's leg comes up.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF VILMER: a mad light comes into his eyes and then in a sudden, terrifying rage he stomps on Heather's head.

cont.

153. Cont.

ON JENNY. She screams, then bows her head and sobs. She can't watch.

The coldness of Vilmer's rage is blood curdling. All through it WE ARE TIGHT ON HIS FACE. WE ONLY HEAR FLESH SPLITTING, the chilling, bone crunching SOUND of a human skull crushed underfoot. A fine mist of blood sprays Vilmer's face.

Suddenly he stops. A split second of silence follows. Then he whips out his straight razor and in a frenzy slashes his arms, throat, face.

Darla rushes to him again.

DARLA

Vilmer, sweetie--no. It's not your fault.

Leatherface prances around the table, shaking his hands in dismay.

Something is happening to Jenny...she lifts her head there are no more tears and no sign of fear. All that remains is a cold fire in her eyes.

She gets to her feet, pushes past Leatherface, boldly parts the drapes and walks into the adjoining room--the dressing room.

Leatherface catches a glimpse of her as she disappears, looks from Vilmer to the dressing room to Vilmer, then sets up a howl.

5/4

(274)

134. INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

Jenny climbs over the clutter of furniture, magazines, etc., makes for the window.

Then, behind her, Leatherface rips drapes and rod down, flings them aside.

Vilmer charges past Leatherface with a murderous shriek, throws himself atop the clutter, scrambles after Jenny.

Jenny launches herself at the window, smashes through the glass, slams into a sheet of heavy plywood. She falls back into the room dazed and cut.

3/4

Cont.

184. cont.

Vilmer leaps on her, grabs her by the hair, jerks her to her knees, raises a clenched fist and lets out a triumphant shriek.

Leatherface throws back his head, howls in chorus with Vilmer.

Jenny's head clears. She turns on Vilmer, fights him, not screaming, not wasting her breath, but silently, coldly.

2/8

(5/8)

185. INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Vilmer wrestles Jenny into the dining room. Kicks her legs out from under her, shoves her down at Leatherface's feet.

Jenny's on her feet in a flash. Leatherface wraps his arms around her, pins her arms to her sides. Jenny fights ferociously, kicking, turning her head to bite him, clawing at him.

Leatherface sets up a howl, prances around in circles.

Vilmer darts into the dressing room, drags a galvanized tin washtub back into the dining room, drops it at Leatherface's feet, tears Jenny out of his arms.

Leatherface lifts his dress, inspects his wounds.

Vilmer knees Jenny in the groin.

Jenny grunts, drops to her hands and knees over the washtub.

Darla unceremoniously dumps the Father out of his chair, kneels in the chair, looks over the back of it at the action. There's a wild, haunted look in her eyes and, except for a bright flush high on her cheeks, she's deathly pale. She grips the back of the chair so tightly her knuckles turn white.

DARLA

(rocking the chair)

Do it.

Vilmer presses a control on one of his remotes. Motors WHIR and he sinks to his knees beside Jenny. He drops the remote, takes Jenny's head in his hands and forces it down into the washtub.

Leatherface grabs the huge chainsaw off the table, pulls the starter cord. The saw ROARS to life.

6/8

cont.

135 cont.

Jenny fight back wildly. She sinks her teeth into Vilmer wrist.

Vilmer shrieks, tears his wrist out of Jenny's mouth, slaps her across the face.

Jenny comes back at him, digs her nails into the flesh of his cheeks.

Leatherface straddles the washtub, poised to take Jenny's head off.

Darla rocks the chair violently, her face glistening with perspiration, lips curled into a savage snarl.

DARLA

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Vilmer clamps Jenny's wrists in one hand, twines the fingers of the other in her hair, forces her head down over the washtub.

Leatherface brings the saw into position over Jenny's neck. But Vilmer's hand is in the way.

VILMER

Wait, wait.

He grabs Jenny by the ears, forces her head deep into the washtub.

Leatherface lowers the tip of the saw.

Darla's hair is damp with perspiration. She throws back her head and screams.

The tip of the saw catches the rim of the washtub, kicks the saw back at Leatherface. He backs him a step.

Jenny's hands claw at the washtub, at Vilmer's hands, anything--COME UP WITH VILMER'S REMOTE.

Leatherface recovers, comes back at the washtub.

Jenny presses the remote blindly, trying one button then another.

Darla collapses in the chair, slides to the floor.

Leatherface lowers the tip of the chainsaw.

Cont.

135. cont.

Suddenly Vilmer lurches up on one knees. pitches forward into the tub. The tip of the blade nicks his skull. He shrieks, backs out of the washtub.

Leatherface howls, backs away in a panic.

Jenny comes up out of the tub, punching wildly at the remote.

JENNY

Got you, you son of a bitch.

Vilmer digs into his pocket, comes out with the second remote.

JENNY

Oh, shit.

Vilmer punches the remote triumphantly. Motors WHINE...he gets to one knee.

Jenny backs away from Vilmer, punching buttons at random... Vilmer's leg responds to HER remote.

Vilmer screams, punches HIS remote and his leg responds to HIS remote.

Then Jenny, then Vilmer...the mechanism goes crazy--stopping and starting...up and down...fast then slow.

VILMER

(to Leatherface)

Get her. Get the bitch.

But Vilmer's erratic movements, his leg kicking and jerking frenetically, confuse and frighten Leatherface.

And the more Vilmer yells at him the more frightened and confused he becomes. The chainsaw SPUTTERS and dies.

And then...suddenly nothing--Vilmer's leg stops. Jenny punches HER remote--nothing. Vilmer punches HIS--nothing.

Jenny backs to a door--throws the remote at Vilmer.

JENNY

Adios, creepoid.

She backs out the door.

Darla pushes herself up on one elbow, looks around, then falls back, exhausted.

136. INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jenny backs into the hallway, then turns and runs for the front door.

(1/3)

137. EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

A band of rose colored light tints the eastern horizon. The stars have gone and the sky is a deep blue.

Jenny bursts through the front door, races across the porch, down the steps to the pickup.

From Jenny POV WE SEE...there are NO KEYS in the pickup's ignition. Then...inside the house the chainsaw ROARS to life.

Jenny cries out, backs away from the pickup, turns and runs out into the charred clearing.

Leatherface bursts through the door.

Jenny glances over her shoulder and from her POV WE SEE...

...Leatherface rev the chainsaw. The chainsaw ROARS, belches blue smoke.

And then Vilmer--struggling to tape a new battery pack into place--hobbles out onto the porch behind Leatherface.

VILMER

Go, go, go.!

Leatherface hesitates, shifts from one foot to the other. Vilmer throws back his head and howls.

Jenny turns, sprints across the clearing, follows the dirt road into the pines.

Leatherface throws back his head and howls in chorus with Vilmer. Vilmer waves him on and he backs down the steps, then turns and lumbers out into the clearing.

Vilmer tapes the battery pack in place, presses the remote--his leg lifts...he shuffles across the porch and down the steps.

(7/3)

138. EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAWN

The pines flash past. Jenny runs hard, bare feet pounding the earth.

And right behind her, looming over her, is Leatherface. The terrible ROAR of the chainsaw washes over her. She screams...and WE...

CUT TO:

(2/8)

139. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - DAWN

An RV lumbers up the road. In the distance a crooduster pulls up sharply, climbs over the treetops.

(1/8)

140. INT. RV - DAWN

An elderly, avuncular couple, MR. and MRS. SPOTTISH, enjoy an early morning cocktail--Bloody Marvs garnished with sprigs of fresh green celery.

Mr. Spottish drives. Mrs. Spottish plugs a tape into the cassette player and they lift their glasses to one another in a toast--a happy, healthy couple enjoying their golden years.

The opening strains of Willie Nelson's "Bloody Mary Morning...." The couple join in song with Nelson.

MR AND MRS. SPOTTISH
It's a Bloody Mary morning and
I'm flying in from L.A...etc.

From Mr. Spottich's POV WE SEE the road ahead of the RV--the graveled road. Where the road meets the sky, the rim of the sun peeks over the horizon, bathing the scene in a brilliant golden light.

Mr. and Mrs. Spottish smile at one another, touch the rims of their glasses together.

(4/8)

141. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - DAWN

Jenny bursts out of the pines, races up the embankment and out onto the graveled road, waves her arms at the approaching RV.

JENNY
Help! Stop, stop, stop!

(1/8)

142. INT. RV - SAME

Mr. and Mrs. Spottish exchange a frightened glance. Mrs. Spottish grabs Mr. Spottich's arm.

MRS. SPUTTISH
Don't stop, don't stop.

Mr. Spottish slows and swings the RV wide to avoid Jenny. (2/8)

143. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - SAME

Jenny runs alongside the RV, pounds on the door.

JENNY
Help. Please. Stop. (1/8)

144. INT. RV - SAME

Mr. Spottich's hands are trembling. Mrs. Spottish's eyes widen in fear. (1/8)

145. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

The RV veers off the road onto the shoulder, slides past Jenny in a cloud of dust.

Leatherface bursts out of the pines, chainsaw ROARING.

Jenny glances over her shoulder and from her POV WE SEE...

...Leatherface charge up the embankment and out onto the road.

Jenny screams, runs up behind the RV, grabs a tubular steel ladder fixed to the rear of the RV, tries to pull herself up.

But the RV's moving too fast. It jerks her off her feet, flings her face down in the road.

Leatherface charges down on Jenny--thirty, then twenty yards separate them.

Jenny gets painfully to her hands and knees--her knees are cut and bruised--staggers to her feet, limps after the RV.

JENNY
Help, please. Don't go--oh, my
God--please, help me! (4/8)

146. INT. RV - SAME

Mrs. Spottish glances into the side view mirror and from HER
POV WE SEE...

...Jenny limping after the RV, then Leatherface closing on
her.

MRS. SPOTTISH
Stop, Mr. Spottish, stop. She's
in big trouble--there's some
monster with a chainsaw after
her.

Mr. Spottish jams on the brakes.

(3/4)

147. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - SAME

Twenty-five yards ahead of Jenny the RV slides to a stop..
Gravel dust boils up over it.

Jenny hobbles toward the RV. Ten yards behind her
Leatherface looms over her like a monster out of a
nightmare.

Jenny screams, spurs herself onward, runs up alongside the
RV.

The door pops open and Mrs. Spottish looks out and from her
POV WE SEE...

...Jenny racing up the side of the RV. Leatherface right
behind her. Leatherface swipes at Jenny with the chainsaw,
misses her by inches.

(3/8)

148. INT. RV - SAME

Mrs. Spottish turns to the interior of the RV and Mr.
Spottish.

MRS. SPOTTISH
Step on it, Mr. Spottish.

(1/3)

149. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - SAME

The RV's tires bite into the loose gravel. Jenny screams,
bursts into tears at the RV begins to move out.

1/4

cont.

149. cont.

Leatherface swipes at Jenny, comes away with a swatch of dirty, tattered dress. The tip of the saw rakes the side of the RV.

Mrs. Spottish leans out the door, beckons Jenny on.

MRS. SPOTTISH

Run. Come, come.

(then calling inside)

Slow down Mr. Spottish. Not so fast.

Then, leaning as far out the door as she dares, she extends a hand to Jenny.

MRS. SPOTTISH

Take my hand, dear.

Jenny reaches for her hand. They're inches apart. But Jenny's slowing, tying up.

And Leatherface is on top of her. He swipes at her with the chainsaw.

Jenny screams, stretches for Mrs. Spottish. Mrs. Spottish grabs Jenny's hand, pulls Jenny to her.

The chainsaw rips the air, rakes the side of the RV. The tip of the blade catches a window frame, throws Leatherface off stride, spins him around, topples him.

Mrs. Spottish hauls Jenny into the RV. The RV picks up speed and churns off up the road.

6/9

(7/8)

150. INT RV - SAME

Jenny's hysterical--laughing and crying all at once.

Mrs. Spottish dampens a tissue with her tongue, attempts to clean Jennys face.

MRS. SPOTTISH

Oh, you poor dear--who was that creature?

JENNY

I don't know.

Then an EXPLOSION of glass. Steel GRATES on steel.

2/9

cont.

150. cont.

The blade of a huge chainsaw shatters Mr. Spottiches window.
Mr. Spottish screams.

1/3

(3/8)

151. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - SAME

The wrecker races alongside the RV. Leatherface stands on the running board, drives his chainsaw deep into the cab of the RV.

The RV swerves wildly, swings broadside in the road.

(1/3)

152. INT. RV - SAME

A mist of blood hands in the cab. Mr. Spottish slumps over the steering wheel. Mrs. Spottish screams hysterically.

Jenny's thrown against the dashboard as the RV slides to a stop.

(1/3)

153. EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - SAME

Jenny tumbles out of the RV.

Vilmer appears, limping around the nose of the RV, mechanized leg WHIRRING.

Jenny screams, gets to her feet, limps off up the road.

Motors WHIRRING, leg moving up and down in stiff mechanical thrusts, Vilmer is faster than Jenny. And then Jenny turns her ankle, drops to her hands and knees. She glances over her shoulder and from her POV WE SEE...

...Vilmer standing over her, straight razor poised to strike.

And then behind Vilmer WE SEE a prop plane, a cropduster, swoop down over the RV, touch down and taxi toward him.

Jenny tries to get to her feet. Vilmer slashes her across the back.

Jenny screams, tries to crawl away from him.

Vilmer raises the straight razor to strike again.

The cropduster is on top of him, the THUNDER of it's engine deafening.

5/4

cont.

153. cont.

Vilmer turns to face the cropduster. The whirling propeller is inches from his face. He screams and WE...

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP of Jenny. The look on her face tells everything.

The cropduster swings broadside in the road, comes up alongside Jenny. The cockpit door pops open.

Jenny gets to her feet, manages a step, two, before her ankle gives out and she drops to her hands and knees.

Leatherface rounds the tail of the cropduster.

Jenny screams, crawls for the plane on her hands and knees.

Leatherface howls, plunges after her.

Jenny grabs onto the doorframe, tries to pull herself into the cockpit.

4/8 (1/8)

154. INT. CROPDUSTER - DAWN

The PILOT grabs Jenny's arm, starts to haul into the plane, then sees Leatherface lumbering toward the plane, releases Jenny and hits the throttle.

(1/8)

155. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - DAWN

The cropduster whips around 90 degrees, engulfing Leatherface in a cloud of gravel dust, taxis off.

Jenny clings to the doorframe. The cropduster drags her up the road.

(1/8)

156. INT. CROPDUSTER - DAWN

The Pilot grabs Jenny, hauls her into the cockpit, then whips the plane around 180 degrees, gives it full throttle and starts his take off run.

(1/8)

157. EXT. GRAVELED ROAD - DAWN

The cropduster races toward Leatherface.

Leatherface plants himself dead center in the path of the cropduster, raises the chainsaw overhead.

Vg

cont.

157. cont.

The Pilot pulls back on his stick. The plane lifts off, then settles back down to the road. It looks like it's not going to make it. Then ten yards from Leatherface it lifts off, pulls up sharply and climbs into the sky above his head.

Leatherface lunges, makes a last desperate swipe with the chainsaw, misses the landing gear by a fraction of an inch.

The cropduster climbs into the sky above the trees, banks sharply and veers off over the treetops.

Leatherface erupts in a frenzy, whirling round and around and around. And WE...

CUT TO:

3/8

(4/8)

158. INT. HOSPITAL FOYER -DAY

Jenny sits on an upholstered bench, a blanket draped over her shoulders.

A uniformed policewoman, COCO, sits beside her, makes notes on a clipboard. A policeman in plain-clothes, DUGAN, hovers at Coco's shoulder.

A slender blonde nurse in her late thirties, BURNS, glances at Jenny in passing, stops short.

BURNS

I heard about you. Something like that happened to me a long time ago but nobody would believe me.

(she glances at Dugan and abruptly turns to him)

Don't I know you?

Dugan shrugs.

DUGAN

From a past life maybe.

BURNS

Let me see your hands.

She takes his wrist, turns his hand palm up and traces his forefinger with hers. A visible tremor runs through Dugan.

5/8

cont.

158. cont.

BURNS

Faces I forget, but
hands...never.

There's a disturbing look on her face, an odd mixture of
lust and loathing.

Jenny's mother, Amanda, enters, rushes to Jenny. Jenny
rises to embrace her.

AMANDA

Jenny--oh, thank God. My baby.

2/3

(7/8)

159. INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A Volvo station wagon peels out of a parking space in
reverse.

(1/8)

160. INT. VOLVO CAR - DAY

Jack, Jenny's stepfather drives. Amanda's in the
passenger's seat and Jenny in the back seat.

JACK

If she'd have been where she was
supposed to be instead of in the
back seat of some God damn car.
none of it would have happened.

Amanda flinches. Jack drops the Volvo into drive, stomps on
the accelerator. Jenny seems not to have heard.

(2/3)

161. EXT. STREET - DAY

The Volvo squeals out of the parking garage and screams off
up the street.

"I'll Be Watching You," by The Police comes up over the
traffic noise.

(1/8)

162. INT. JENNY'S CAR - DAY

Jenny stares out the side window, oblivious of her
surroundings.

Angel astride a big black Japanese motorcycle pulls up
alongside the Volvo. Without thinking Jenny smiles and
waves, then suddenly self-conscious, she lowers her hand and
turn away.

2/3

cont.

JACK

The little slut. it's her own God damn fault. Just what the hell do you think she was doing?

AMANDA

Jack, please.... I'm sure it's not what you think. Besides this is not the time or....

Jack slams on the brake. The Volvo screeches to a stop, throwing Amanda against the dashboard and Jenny against the back of the seat.

JACK

(jabbing his finger in
Amanda's face)

Don't you tell me.... Don't you--
God damn it--tell me....

AMANDA

(pushing Jack's finger
aside)

Please, don't point.

JACK

Don't point?

He slaps her, a quick hard slap across the face.

JACK

(his voice rising)

Don't point!

He slaps her again.

Jenny lunges across the seat, grabs Jack by the hair and forces his head back against the seat.

JENNY

Don't you touch her...don't ever
touch her...ever again.

She releases him, cuts the back of his head as he struggles to sit up.

JACK

What have I been telling you?
She hates my guts.

JENNY

I'm sorry, Mother.

cont.

AMANDA

No. It's my fault.

(turning to Jack)

Jack, I want you to get out of the car.

JACK

What? Are you crazy?

AMANDA

(to Jenny)

I think I've known it all along--I was just afraid to admit it to myself.

(then to Jack)

Yes, you--you miserable little...little dickweed. Get out of my car.

Jack's jaw drops.

The driver's side door opens and Angel leans past Jack into the car.

ANGEL

Anything I can do for you ladies?

JENNY

You can show this jerk the door.

ANGEL

My pleasure.

Angel grabs Jack by the collar, drags him out of the car.

AMANDA

Thank you, young man.

She slides over behind the wheel.

JACK

You'll be back.

Amanda drives off.

ANGEL

Don't count on it.

163. INT. JENNY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

AMANDA
(to Jenny)

Do you think you can ever forgive
me?

Jenny leans over the seat and puts her arms around Amanda.

JENNY
Mom, stop the car.

AMANDA
What?

JENNY
It's okay, mom. Everything's
fine. But there's something I
need to do. Something I've been
wanting to do for a long time.

4/8

164 EXT. STREET - DAY

The Volvo stops. Angel pulls up alongside it. Jenny jumps out of the car, runs to Angel, climbs on the motorcycle behind him.

Angel hits the throttle and the motorcycle zooms off up the street.

Jenny turns and waves good-bye to Amanda, then turns back to Angel and snugs her arms around his waist.

Jenny's corsage flies off hits the pavement. The petals of its mum scatter in the wind.

FADE OUT.

THE END

4/8